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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

### DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL.

INDIVIDUALS who disbelieve in the rule of mere numbers and who do not feel bound to conceal their opinions, are commonly denounced as enemies of the people. By general consent such opinions are regarded as founded not in pardonable error, but in deliberate hypocrisy. The obvious argument that little is to be gained by the expression of sentiments odious to those who hear them, seems to be almost invariably ignored; and it is a curious evidence of the facility with which men can obfuscate their reasoning faculties that demagogues whose whole lives have been passed in flattering the prejudices of the mass for selfish motives are always among the first to call in question the ingenuousness and the patriotism of those who meet popular prejudices with denial. When a task is highly ungracious it is not strange that it should seldom be undertaken. The people being master and the fountain of honor and profit, it is not strange that men are seldom found who are willing to destroy their own possible chances in the future by inflicting on the people a mortal affront. Most of our organs of public opinion depend even more than do individuals upon numbers, and even the clearest and strongest of them cautiously abstain from publishing opinions which, however, their ablest writers frequently entertain. We do not find it stated in the columns of our influential newspapers that the government of numbers is a failure in this country, and yet the most intellectual men who contribute to those columns are largely of that opinion. It is a remarkable fact that, in the United States, where more is said in a gratulatory strain about the unrestrained liberty of the press than in any other civilized nation, the force that we call public opinion prevents the open discussion of certain subjects in a degree almost despotic. There is plenty of talk about the heinousness of slavery, about the rights of women, the misgovernment of cities, the corruption of officials, the spread of intemperance, the social evil, and many other subjects whose treatment is pretty certain in some quarters or other to be more or less disagreeable; but we seldom, if ever, hear any one say that the prime dogma of democracy may possibly be unsound; that, at all events, it ought to be subjected to rigorous examination, and tested by all recent and present, as well as by all former, available experience; that the enormous influx of ignorant immigration, together with the proposed enfranchisement of an entire race, late a servile and now scarcely a semi-civilized one, is threatening the republic with dangers far greater than those of the darkest days of the Revolution or of the late disastrous civil war.

Why is it that this topic is so generally avoided? We have assumed that it is because it is unpopular; but many will tell us that it is because discussion of it is useless; that the arguments have been heard, the decision given, the case closed, and that consequently there is no more to be said on the subject. Discussion, it will be maintained, is idle when it can have no practical end. Just as it is idle to talk about free trade when the needs of government will admit of no diminution of the revenue, so is it useless to argue the question of popular government when there is no chance or probability of getting any other. Now, as regards the objection of inutility, we see a use in aught which aims to reform evil or bring about good. Things are well enough as they are, we are told, and so let them remain. Let us examine the facts a little. There is at present more corruption in high places, more intemperance in legislators and other officials, more disregard of the dignity of the nation—as instanced in sending black-legs and prize-fighters to Congress—more moral laxity and intellectual debility among the masses of the people—as shown by their most cherished literature (illustrated and other) and their most eagerly-sought amusements—more pervasive insensibility to the claims of national and individual honor than have existed among us at any period

of our history. And yet the people have been made more and more "free." The franchise has been progressively extended so as to take in a wider and wider circle. Presently all the blacks are to have it, and then surely it cannot be withheld from white women; and if white women have it, no contemptible distinction, based upon the accidental color of skin, will be permitted to prevent its extension to black women. Thus we shall arrive at not universal, but adult suffrage, excluding only minors, lunatics, and perhaps paupers. And with these changes, as certainly as like cause produces like effect, we shall proceed, we fear, still further on the same road that we are now travelling, and witness still more positive and deplorable accessories by the way.

That we are already in a position to judge with approximate accuracy the results of the government of mere numbers intelligent thinkers will generally concede. What comes by insensible degrees is, of course, less keenly appreciated than what comes abruptly and at once. The canker, however, that is destroying the healthfulness of our social and political life can be readily traced through its main effects. The idea of shaping all policy, all disquisition, all public speaking or writing, everything indeed that is to come before the general eye, with a view not to what is right, pure, elevated in morals or æsthetics, but to what will best tickle the ears of the mob, is gaining greater acceptance and usage among us day by day. Our most successful clergymen are those who are best capable of disregarding good taste and the sacred dignity of their office, and who as compounds of buffoon and demagogue secure a firm hold on the esteem of the greatest number of their hearers. Our strongest politicians are those who in like manner pander to the lowest stratum of their public for the simple and manifest reason that this stratum includes the greatest number. In this there is no occasion for surprise. Neither government nor leaders can well be superior to the people who create and acknowledge them. The greater the number of ignorant or immature intelligences admitted to the franchise, the lower will be the standard of all which the power thus given can affect. If the voting unit is destitute of judgement, taste, and clearness of discernment, it is vain to hope for those qualities from a mass; however huge, of similar units. You may even get worse results, proportionally, from the mass than from the unit. For ignorance breeds and encourages ignorance and, working on a large scale, it has a faculty for self-worship which intensifies and concentrates its power for mischief. Moreover, the possession of the franchise by the least intelligent classes of a community has the tendency to lower respect for and ultimately to dissociate the idea of responsibility from it. That which everybody has all the world over is counted of little value. We find here that the better classes quietly despise the privilege or right or duty of voting, and simply stay away from the polls; and that the other classes are rapidly getting to regard their votes as merchantable commodities or stepping-stones to some personal gratification, and to use them accordingly.

The trade of politics is, therefore, continually becoming less reputable among us, and our experience justifies the assumption that the wider the extension of the suffrage the more degraded the political trade will become. The emphatic instances now rising before our eyes throughout the South should bring conviction on this point to all whom partisanship does not render blind. The theory is as simple as the practice is manifest. In proportion as suffrage is extended downward the amount of ignorance and prejudice in the aggregate voting body is increased, with the direct consequence that politicians will become more and more demagogues—men who appeal to ignorance and prejudice and not to knowledge and reason. There is no escape from this tendency or its result. The progress, like that of a stream, may be swift or slow and sometimes tortuous, but the natural goal will be attained as inevitably as that stream seeks and finds the sea. Who can doubt that the public mind is becoming more and more educated to the idea of submitting to the rule not of the worst necessarily, but of the coarsest and lowest intelligences in the community? A short time since the two individuals who, in their official capacities, we must recognize as the foremost men of the nation, had a difference. A correspondence ensued between them, afterwards officially

submitted to the United States Senate, in which each practically gave the other the lie. This correspondence has been published throughout the country. It has been accompanied by direct charges of habitual drunkenness against both parties in the controversy, each of whom stands in the position of being a candidate for the Presidency. These charges and counter-charges, emanating, as they respectively do, from bitter political foes, we would gladly disbelieve. That, however, to which we would call attention, and which is equally pertinent, whether these allegations are true or false, is the apparent insensibility of the public mind to the shockingness of the situation. The most exalted personages of the nation are charged with two of the grossest vices that can disgrace a gentleman; yet no one seems to think either that this will or ought to affect their chances for the Chief Magistracy of the nation, or that it is worth while to have any investigation with a view to determine the facts.

An optimism prevails, even among the more intelligent classes of the country, that is fraught with peril. A prosperity that was partly the resultant of previous political forces, and partly that of physical advantages, has been mistakenly attributed to the perfection of a system. Because the machine has run on through thick and thin tolerably well for a time, it is supposed that it will never run down. It has gone at a rapid pace during the last ten years, and it is assumed that, as it can scarcely be put to a severer strain, its strength and permanency may be regarded as assured. But it remains to be seen whether this very acceleration has not hurried the country to a crisis that might otherwise have been deferred. It has certainly hastened it toward the adoption of those leveling principles of universal equality which are the logical ultimates of our system. That we have not yet completely solved our problem, has probably been due to a certain partiality or incompleteness in its terms; but we are likely soon to be in a position to know whether the greatest good of the greatest number can really be brought about by themselves.

### THE FUTURE OF ITALY.

THE statesmen who succeeded Count Cavour in the management of public affairs have met the fate which usually falls to the lot of disciples who attempt to complete the unfinished work of a master. Because Cavour availed himself of the assistance of France to call the Italian monarchy into being, they imagined that the axis round which the national policy was ever after to revolve must necessarily be the French alliance. All might perhaps even then have gone well if the moderate statesmen, the governing party in the new state, had been satisfied with moulding only their foreign programme by the French connection. Unfortunately, they went further, and made that connection also the leading principle in their domestic programme. To understand the consequences of this blunder, it must be remembered that the two political parties in the land—the moderate or liberal, and the radical or democratic—have always been rivals in the restoration of the Italian nationality. The latter, with Mazzini at their head, maintain that the liberation of the peninsula is only possible through revolution; the former, in view of the many fruitless risings since 1820, and bearing especially in mind the experiences of 1848, believe as firmly that the hopes of the country can only be realized through the agency of Piedmont, seconded by some great European power. The rare genius of Cavour actually succeeded in so reconciling these conflicting views that he could pursue for a while both a radical and a moderate policy. He allied himself for this purpose with Napoleon and Garibaldi, employing in Lombardy the arms of the empire, and in Sicily and Naples the red shirts of the insurrection. But in doing this he was extremely careful that the part played by Piedmont should be of such a character that while it preserved on the one side the national independence against the foreign ally, it maintained on the other the honor of the constitutional monarchy against the revolution. It was, however, hardly to be expected that the statesmen who came after him would prove equally dextrous in the management of these two unharmonious elements, and succeed in neutralizing the one so completely by the other. Cavour had found it possible to hold the revolution in check, because he possessed the support of France; and he found it possible to hold his own against Napoleon, be-



cause he could threaten to throw himself into the arms of Garibaldi and Mazzini. But his successors were incapable of exorcising the two hostile spirits whose combined action had freed Italy from the rule of strangers and foreigners, and the natural result was that the latent antagonism between them broke out anew after Cavour's death.

Could this antagonism have been strictly confined within the sphere of domestic politics, and had it not spread beyond, the constitutional monarchy might have attained a healthy development. Had the two political parties disagreed merely in relation to the principles which should govern the internal administration and the consolidation of the hegemony, then the moderates, as the special guardians of law and order, would gradually have become the conservative; and the radicals, as the champions of progress and liberty, would have become the reform element in the new state, and the theory of constitutional government might thus have been reduced to practice. But the national Parliament was unhappily ruled more by the memories of the past than the exigencies of the present. Radical to the core, it continued still to look for the redemption of Italy to Mazzini and the revolution. The moderates held sentiments directly the reverse of these. They had no faith whatever in the efficacy of plots and conspiracies, but hoped everything from the united efforts of Piedmont and France. This difference of opinion survived even when it had ceased to have any positive bearing, and the result of such a condition of affairs may be easily conceived. Measures of foreign policy were suffered to take precedence of the most vital domestic measures, which came soon to be considered far less pressing and important than the acquisition of Venetia and Rome, and in this way the old dispute about the manner in which these questions should be solved—whether by legitimate or revolutionary means—was perpetuated and became a chronic apple of discord in Italian politics. There can be no doubt that the best elements of the nation were represented in the ranks of the moderate party. Its leaders were men of a higher order of intellect, greater cultivation, and even of a more genuine liberality, than their opponents, and they had not the same disreputable following. But they were extremely apprehensive that the sincerity of their patriotism might be questioned unless they affected to attach more importance to the so-called national aspirations than to the reorganization of the administration and the finances. And yet, no matter how hard they strove to appear as eager as the radicals themselves in advocating the speedy possession of Venetia and Rome, they could never quite keep pace with the popular impatience on these subjects. Finding it utterly impossible to believe that Garibaldi was really the man destined to take the Quadrilateral from the Austrians, or to drive the Pope out of the church state, the moderates were constantly betrayed into fatal inconsistencies. They were not only obliged to battle radicalism, because its recklessness threatened to imperil all that had already been gained, and because the agitation against Austria and Rome was suspected to conceal designs equally hostile to the monarchy, but they were also prevented from reaching the basis of a truly conservative policy by having conceded that no definite system of government could be thought of until the great work of unity had been perfected.

It was this want of a conservative foundation which induced the moderate, anti-revolutionary party to cling all the more firmly to the idea that Italy's sole chances for the future depended on the continued friendship of France. What had been nothing more than an auxiliary means to Count Cavour, became gradually the principal means, the strongest guarantee of the *statu quo*, to his successors. They fell into the grave mistake of looking for strength and support where, under the peculiar circumstances of their situation, it could not be found. In a new state which, according to the laws of its being, only existed by the plebiscites of the different populations, it was an evil omen that the governing party should expose itself to the reproach of being more attentive to the wishes of a foreign cabinet than to those of the nation. This does not imply that the statesmen of the moderate party—and it is they who have managed the affairs of the country during the

last eight years—have actually sacrificed the good of Italy to a foreign power for the sake of partisan interests or the retention of office. But neither can it be gainsaid that they were misled into the belief that the true interests of the nation rendered the maintenance of cordial relations with France a paramount necessity. The knowledge that this was the case naturally increased the strength of the radicals, beside affording them the additional advantage to represent themselves as the special custodians of the national unity and independence. The influence of the party of the revolution, or action, was still further augmented when it became plain that the government had not only made no progress toward the solution of the national question by the aid of French support, but that it had even failed to restore order at home by a policy avowedly adopted for this purpose. It was certainly not France that gave Venetia to the Italians, and the burlesque performed by General Leboeuf can never change this fact; and that the French did not evacuate Rome to let the Italians enter her gates has been conclusively shown by late events.

There is no disguising it that the battle of Mentana has dealt an all but deadly blow to the monarchy. Italy will hardly again be what she was before Garibaldi's disastrous march on Rome. The Chassepot has proved as terrible to the moderates and the French alliance as to the invaders themselves. The nation can never forgive Victor Emanuel for having first tolerated, if not actually encouraged, the revolutionists, and then suffered them to be cut to pieces. It is nothing that the tumultuous demonstrations have subsided. The real danger lies rather in the thorough rottenness of the monarchy, which is not only fiercely hated by the radicals, but has now also lost the confidence and support of the law-abiding, respectable, and intelligent classes. Add to this the desperate condition of the finances, the weakness of the government, the wide-spread corruption, the utter want of system, the intensity of the municipal spirit, the political demagogism and the foreign complications, and it is not too much to predict that Italy must before many years, perhaps months, pass through another grave crisis. The monarchy will either sink lower and lower, until it becomes an easy prey to the revolution, or it will be forced to stake everything on the success of those extreme and hazardous measures on which the nation seems to insist. Such an alternative is a sad one, and especially when it is borne in mind how easily it might have been avoided by the exercise of an ordinary amount of patience and moderation. Should Victor Emanuel enter Rome in triumph this day, and the voices of the Italian tribunes resound again where the Gracchi, the Scipios, and the Sullas have often electrified the turbulent multitudes, the illusion which has seized upon the national mind would be dispelled on the morrow. The idea of the seven-hilled city has completely possessed itself of the vivid imagination of this naïve, excitable, but politically inexperienced people. That idea once a reality and they think the millennium will have come. The masses appear to have no conception whatever that the many evils under which they groan would even then still continue to afflict them; that the mere transfer of the national capital would produce no change in their present condition; that those who can neither read nor write would remain as ignorant as before; that it would create no self-reliant, thrifty peasantry; that it would never make a sturdy, independent landed gentry out of a corrupt patrician order; that the taxes would still bear as heavily on the people; that the public debt would only be increased; that superstition, fanaticism, and ignorance would still rest like an incubus on the land; and that the Parliament would display no more political sagacity, administrative skill, patriotism, and moderation at Rome than at Florence or Turin.

#### LIFE-DESTROYERS.

SWIFT relates that Lemuel Gulliver, the renowned traveller, anxious to impress the king of Brobdingnag with an exalted idea of England's glory and prowess, drew for him a vivid picture of her great wars, conquests, and armaments. The simple-minded giant, much to his guest's surprise, did not appear at all edified with what he heard; on the contrary, he flew into a passion, and denounced the whole race of European pigmies as the most miserable and revolting set of creatures on the face of the earth.

It is perhaps quite as well for the reputation of the modern military establishments and army systems of the old world that there should nowadays be no Brobdingnags to sit in judgement upon them. The race of giants is extinct, but the fanaticism of destructive science rapidly assumes proportions which must eventually become a heavier burden than even the European pigmies will always be disposed to bear. The skill of the man who made Prussia, a few years ago, the envy and the terror of all nations, has imparted a stimulus to the improvement in implements of war which bids fair to produce marvellous results. France already now boasts of an arm which is superior to the Prussian needle-gun, and its execution seems really more deadly. The bullet, we are assured, leaves an orifice thirteen times the size of that it makes in entering, and tears and shatters in its passage through the body a foot square of muscles, nerves, and arteries. But should this not be sufficient to decide the question of superiority, the French invention possesses still another recommendation. It will so simplify the care of the wounded in future wars that the philanthropic schemes of the last Peace Congress at Geneva must lose their only practical value, and become entirely utopian. Some fastidious critics, it is true, like a recent correspondent of *The London Times*, protest against the introduction of such an arm in the name of humanity, and call it a barbarism which no rational being should defend or justify. But these views can hardly be general; if they were, the number of rational beings would be exceedingly small in this boasted nineteenth Christian century of ours. The barbarism complained of is not only notoriously on the increase, but it has recently been invested with a kind of patriotic halo which seems to exert a powerful influence over the majority of men. Dreyse, the prophet and apostle of what we might call, for the want of a better term ready at hand, the Zündnadel era, is dead, but his mantle has fallen on disciples worthy of their great master. It is to this school of progressive destructives that Switzerland is beholden for her Amsler-Milbank, Russia for her Carl's improvement, France for her Chassepot, and England for her Snider. Austria and Italy appear still to hesitate which model to adopt, but the former has, in the meantime, kept up with the spirit of the times in a new gunpowder extracted from nitroglycerine. Victor Hugo may therefore well sing in his last poem on the battle of Mentana:

"Vicaire de celui qui tendait l'autre jour,  
A cette heure, ô semeur des pardons infinis,  
Ce qui plaît à ton cœur et ce que tu bénis  
Sur notre sombre terre ou l'âme humaine lutte,  
C'est un fusil tuant douze hommes par minute."

It is almost superfluous to remark that the improvements accomplished in artillery fully keep pace with the progress effected in small arms. Without resorting here for an illustration to the centrifugal machines, the "Kugelspritzen," and other schemes for wholesale slaughter, which still belong to the domain of technical mythology, we can instance the new six-barrelled revolving infantry cannon, said to be of Yankee parentage, which at least six of the great military powers of Europe are about to adopt. The *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung* stated in December last that one thousand of these murderous pieces had been ordered at one establishment alone, of which France is to have 400; Russia, 200; Italy, 100; Austria, 100; Belgium, 100, and Holland, 100. These heavy orders, and especially the first, furnish a rather curious commentary on the pacific assurances which have become the fashion on all sides since the close of the year. Taken in connection with the universal increase of the continental armies, in accordance with which Russia will hereafter have over 1,500,000; Prussia (including the southern contingents), 1,250,000; Italy, 1,041,000; and Austria, 1,000,000 men under arms, we need not be surprised that Thiers's *Soyons Français, soyons donc Français*, should have reconciled that excitable nation to Napoleon's army reorganization bill, which will put the Chassepot into the hands of nearly thirteen hundred thousand Frenchmen.

Under circumstances like these, when the note of preparation resounds from the Ural to the Pyrenées, from the Danube to the Seine, when the arsenals and foundries of Europe are working night and day, and when the whole Continent presents the appearance of one vast camp, it is gratifying to meet with a brochure which exhibits in its true light the reckless disregard of the chief element in every nation's prosperity—the value of the human being. No writer on the science of political economy has, in our opinion, demonstrated with such irresistible logic the cost of a man, and the money value which he represents in society, as the author of *Modern Military Organizations and the People*, a treatise recently published in Mecklenburg, the China of Germany. Viewing the value of the hu-



man unit from a strictly economical stand-point, he shows how injurious to the best interests of the state is the neglect to consider man as so much capital. It is on this ground that capital, not human life, has been economized in war, and hundreds of men in their prime have often been sacrificed to save a single cannon. The death of a hundred men, he then proves by figures, involves, however, a loss at least twenty times greater in money value than that incurred by a cannon. But because in replacing the cannon the treasury is put to expense, while another conscription costs nothing, the latter is generally preferred. The state in consequence seizes on the subject suitable for military service wherever it finds him, and that without the smallest compensation to the family, which perhaps loses in him its only means of support. Yet, exclaims the author, people quietly submit to this injustice, though, should their horses or cattle be taken by the state without pay, they would certainly resist. Hence we perceive that capital is esteemed much higher than man. Were he considered of equal value, the state would soon be compelled, first, to reimburse the family of every soldier killed in battle the expenses of his education; second, to recompense the crippled soldier not only the expenses of his education, now no longer available as capital, but to provide for his maintenance for the rest of his days; third, to bestow on each soldier, who returns home safe and sound, an equivalent in money for the loss of his time. Such an arrangement would, of course, make wars immensely costly; but this would be to the advantage of mankind. And not only would wars become rarer, but better care would be taken of the soldiers' health. The author maintains that it is the conscription, which procures men free of expense, that engenders a disregard for the soldiers' comfort. Whenever enlisted troops are sent into the field, magazines and good winter-quarters are invariably provided for them. Napoleon Bonaparte, who conceived the system, being told that a certain movement would cost too many lives, replied: "Cela ne fait rien, les femmes en font plus que je n'en use." But when he had afterward left half a million of his conscripts in Russia, the consequences of a system like that beneath which the people of nine-tenths of Europe still bend their necks recoiled on the head of its originator.

The author does not pretend to dispute that the defence of country is a paramount duty, or that the state is entitled to ask each member to stake his life for the good of all; what he repudiates is simply the theory that a state has the right to deprive society of its most useful members, and the family of its resources in the person of a head, when no positive necessity exists. As a man's productive capacity frequently constitutes the sole capital of a family, the state robs his children of their protector, and his parents of one to whom they look for support in their old age. "Is it possible," asks the author, "to conceive a more heaven-crying injustice than that the wealthy landed proprietor should be paid out of the public treasury for the horse wanted for military uses, while the poor laborer is forced for the same purpose from his fireside without a thought of compensation?"

The juice of the laurel, says a sententious Spanish proverb, is poison. It is well that at a time when the war spirit is rife among the nations of Europe some voices should be raised to warn both people and rulers against the price at which false glory is purchased.

#### LEAP-YEAR VALENTINES.

WHATEVER may have been the origin of that tradition which reverses, during leap-year, the social relations of the sexes, dethrones beauty from her vantage-ground, and makes her suitor instead of sued, certain it is that the custom which it commemorates has long ago ceased to blossom into practice. Doubtless, since tradition is only the far-floating smoke of an extinct fire, there was a time when the custom flourished like the green bay tree, before women had been tainted by the squeamishness of modern conventionality, and if they loved a man thought it no harm to tell him. Primitive conditions of society probably dispensed with much of that reserve and reticence which we deem necessary to keep the delicate bloom and freshness on the flower of feminine modesty. The sighing shepherdesses, the lovely maidens of Arcadia, no doubt went a trifle more than half way to meet a reluctant lover; and Phillis seldom lost favor in the eyes of Corydon by an acknowledgment of her preference. In those dear dim days of old, which Mr. Swinburne is never tired of praising and regretting, when high Olympus sent forth its swarm of goddesses, white-armed, blue-eyed, radiant, to lure and love, when Aphrodite dawned in

splendor on the startled sea, when Artemis smiled from every starlit sky, and wood and field and river were bright with laughing dryads and flying nymphs and lissome nereids, those charming divinities set an example of noble candor to their weaker mortal sisters. No student of Shakespeare needs to be told how "fair, fatal Venus" wooed in vain the coy Adonis, and even pale, cold Dian, "goddess excellently bright" and excellently moral as she was, thought no shame of stooping from her silver car to kiss the young Endymion. Mediæval legend, too, has its story of that gracious princess of Hungary who made her humble esquire happy with the unmaidenly admission he had never dared to ask; and even in later times Dr. Holland and the author of *Maurice Dering* have showed us how absurd a thing it is for a woman with a tongue in her head to let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek. But the practice, like a great many other practices, good or bad, has changed with changing times; only its memory lives to feed the immortal hopes of weary but sanguine spinsters, or the vague fears of bashful bachelors who are ignorant that the custom is as obsolete as the Constitution itself. So far as our experience goes, leap-year nowadays is an affair of much talk and very little cider; modern society has forbidden ladies to avail themselves of their bissextile privilege. Nor is it fair to presume rashly that our experience is at fault, and that others more favored of fortune and the fair might tell a different story.

*Sea que sea*, there is a foolish prejudice, surviving the wreck of so many other foolish prejudices in the whirlwind of modern progress, which finds it inconsistent with womanly delicacy to ask for the love which it is her happy prerogative to win unsolicited. We have set our ideal woman upon a throne, to whose feet we come with our gifts and offerings, our gold, our frankincense, and myrrh, and pray her to choose the one of us, who shall please her best, to be her sword and buckler. It revolts us not a little to think of dragging her down from this fair eminence to chaffer and jostle in the market-place of love, to cry her wares and solicit her customers. It revolts us now; but rightly or always, who shall say? Is it not a prejudice, after all, and doomed to wither in the blaze of rational investigation? It is all very well for your ideal woman, we may be told, with her thronging subjects and her ample room for choice; but the real woman, whom, having set upon her pedestal, we leave too often to pine away her life in unsought and melancholy isolation—what of her? Shall she be shut out for ever from all the sweet offices, the dear fulfilments of womanhood, for lack of a single word, a sign to the lingering, half-longing, half-doubting suitor, whose faint heart fails him on his lips? Shall the happiness of two lives be wrecked on a superstition, perhaps the perpetuity of the race itself endangered? For the statistics of marriage certainly point to an increasing and alarming repugnance to matrimony on the part of the men, either from inertness or some deeper cause; and, unless the women take the matter into their own hands, they will be in danger of losing husbands altogether. Even in the best view of the case, if every man were to marry, there would still, unless Mormonism becomes generally prevalent, be a large percentage of women left out in the cold from sheer surplusage. And since marriage, desirable enough to men, is almost existence to women, it is natural that they should take a lively interest in the preservation of the institution. So we are not surprised to find it boldly claimed by apostles of the new dispensation, whose gospel is *The Revolution* and whose prophets are Mrs. E. Cady Stanton and George Francis Train, that it should be the woman's place, and not the man's, to pop the all-important question. Hitherto the doctrine has modestly appeared as a suggestion, but now it is beginning to be claimed as a right with all that charming volubility and eloquent disdain of logic that distinguishes upholders of their down-trodden sex. At this particular season the subject appeals to us with a force sufficient to excuse a little attention. St. Valentine's day is, by universal consent of poets, sacred to the utterance of those sweet confessions which are popularly supposed to elevate transfigured humanity into the seventh heaven of amatory bliss. And, perhaps, on this very fourteenth of February of this very leap-year of our Lord and Pope Gregory shall be begun that momentous revolution which more than one writer we have lately read foreshadows; perhaps, too, before many months, before many hours, we who pen these lines, and you, dear masculine reader, who admirably peruse them, may find ourselves in a more embarrassing situation than Captain Macheath himself.

Yet the possibility is not such a very appalling one.

Captain Macheath probably found himself on the whole rather happy than otherwise with his two charmers. No man objects to the attentions of a pretty woman however indefinitely she may be repeated; and for our own part, we may as well confess that we like the prospect amazingly, and give in our unqualified adhesion to the new doctrine. If it had no other good effect than to relieve mankind from the unutterable agony of proposing, it would be entitled to our earnest consideration. Probably more than one happy marriage has been prevented by masculine dislike to making a declaration. But a still greater recommendation is the release which it affords from the bother of choosing at all. Except in those few remarkable cases of romantic love that novelists are fortunate enough to find whenever they want them, most men probably begin their preparations for marriage by selecting from among the half-dozen or dozen girls of their acquaintance, whom they like equally well, the one they think will suit them best; and only those who have struggled through the process can conceive its wearing effect. From these disagreeables the new theory effectually frees us, and though in their stead it may subject us to other ills we know not of—as, for example, the anguish of rejecting a proposal enforced with all the eloquence of pouting lips and tearful eyes, and the consequent danger of suits for breach of promise or bigamy—yet doubtless time and practice will cover even this natural softness with a protecting callus. And once society has fairly approved the change, the consequences give room for much curious if not profitable speculation.

Imagine the ardent Clorinda gently drawing the reluctant Augustus into the shadow of the curtains to pour out her passionate soul at his trembling feet; fancy the fervent incoherence of the wooer, the blushing, faltering, simpering confusion of the fair *inamorato*. "Dearest, will you be mine?" she whispers in honeyed accents, fondly pressing his yielding hand, and he, his manly shirt-front heaving with suppressed emotion, his fair tresses drooping in delicious confusion round his suffused brow, bashfully whispers "Ask mamma." Or, after a brief and blissful engagement, figure the coy masculine reluctance with which the modest bachelor finally yields to the impatience of the ardent virgin pressing him to name the day. How shall every ordinary incident of life suffer a sea change, all our ideas of social economy be turned topsy-turvy! Will Seraphina put the ring on her dear Augustus's finger and promise to love and cherish while he vows to love and obey? Will Seraphina go down to Wall Street to struggle and strive with unruly Cows and she-Bears, while Augustus sits demurely at home, minds the baby, and cooks the dinner? Will the wife wear the breeches, tastefully trimmed to be sure, as a matter of course, and the grey mare be always the better horse? Will feminine jealousy resort to the duello for satisfaction, like those two fair dames of the Regency who fought for love of cavalier and gallantly pinked each other in the Bois de Boulogne? Of the Regency! Why, it was only the other day, in Kansas, that the scene was repeated with rifles instead of small swords. Who shall forecast the future? Let us be wise and not attempt it, but calmly fold our hands and await proposals. To our timid wooers we shall only quote, *mutatis mutandis*, the old wise proverb: "Faint heart never won fair husband!"

#### EQUALITY AND RAILROADS.

HITHERTO, in our republican simplicity of thought and manners, we have got along very well without what we have been fond of calling "the invidious distinctions" of first, second, and third-class cars upon our railways. True; there have been in use certain horrible machines in which newly-arrived immigrants were packed and hurried off to the West—but this was an imposition to be practised with safety only upon ignorant foreigners who had not yet been long enough in this happy land to learn that here all men are free and equal, and endowed with the inalienable right to make themselves disagreeable to their fellow-creatures. We might keep up some distinctions of class or caste at our homes; our wives might insist that Bridget should receive her cousin in the kitchen, and not entertain him in the drawing-room; we were permitted to have a dress-circle and even private boxes in our theatres; and in the churches there were "free seats"—sometimes very nasty, as other free things often are—on which the poor might sit to have the gospel preached to them. But when business or pleasure led us to the railway cars, we bade farewell to these aristocratic distinctions and demeaned ourselves as behooved democrats who practised what they preached. The millionaire and the market-huckster rode on the same seat; the capitalist and the coster-



monger expectorated from the same window, and the mistress and the maid journeyed amicably side by side. Occasionally, unpleasant accidents were the result of this practical exemplification of the "equality of man;" sometimes an inebriated Irishman or a beer-begoggled German came between the wind and our nobility, or our wife's dress was dyed by a rich solution of tobacco bestowed upon her by a ward politician; but we put up with these little trifles as unavoidable incidents, and pitied the bigoted foreigners who failed to recognize in these evidences of our own freedom from all the trammels of old-world conventionalism the proof of our superior enlightenment and wisdom.

New conditions, however, have now brought with them new ideas on this as well as on other subjects. The "foreign element" has become not only numerically stronger, but more disagreeably obtrusive than of yore. It does not become Americanized so quickly; it gathers itself together and remains clannish; and its lower orders learn only our national vices while retaining their own. The once familiar boast that a lady could travel unattended from one end of the country to the other without danger of insult or injury, and certain of receiving none but the most chivalrous attentions, is no longer true, since it is now scarcely safe for an unprotected female, especially if she be young and pretty, to ride from the Astor House to Central Park in a street-car. In the last seven years ruffianism has grown with even more than American rapidity; and leaving the "roughs" out of the question altogether, the circumstances of the country and its people have undergone such modifications that no one now, compelled to travel by rail-cars, fails to perceive how unpleasant and even unbearable the system of "perfect equality" has grown to be. And now that the new element of negro suffrage and all its concomitants is injected into the already unhealthy body politic, and the dirtiest negro in South Carolina is to be recognized not only as a man and a brother, but as an individual who has a right to sit by your side during a ride of five hundred miles in the month of August, the question of whether we must continue to give this particular proof of our attachment to democratic institutions, or whether we might not escape it by the adoption of regulations for railway travel which, while they infringed the rights of nobody, might enable every one to choose his own company, or travel in solitary state, becomes a matter of very serious importance.

It is, therefore, with pleasure that we have recently read the newspaper paragraphs concerning certain carriages, built upon the English plan, that are just being placed on the New York and New Haven Railroad. It is not a little curious that, just at the moment when the experiment of introducing English carriages on American railways is to be tried, cars built upon the American plan are about to be placed on a railway from Liverpool to London. We are not certain but that the plan of having carriages with separate compartments, and three classes of cars, with rates of fare corresponding to the accommodations of each, would speedily meet with high favor here. It would certainly solve some of the perplexing questions that now agitate the public mind in regard to the rights of those of our fellow-citizens who are called "niggers" by the Democrats, and "Southern loyalists" by the Republicans—their rights, we mean, simply as travellers. As the case stands, if Mr. Bone Squash, delegate to the Constitutional Convention of South Carolina, wishes to come to Washington to consult with Mr. Sumner, he must pay the same sum that is paid by the proudest son of the Palmetto State, who is also journeying to the capital to strengthen the backbone of the President or to ask for a clerkship—and Squash and Wade Hampton may perchance have to sit together through all that weary journey. But were there carriages of the English style—first-class carriages, divided into compartments capable of accommodating four or six persons; second-class carriages, at a lower rate of fare, but holding not more than ten or twelve persons; and third-class carriages, wherein thirty or forty persons might ride together at a still cheaper rate—then how easily all would be arranged! Were Mr. Squash sociably inclined, and did he wish also to practise the virtue of economy, he could go third-class among congenial spirits; if he desired the additional comfort of a cushioned seat and preferred solitude by paying for a first-class ticket, he might travel to Washington in a carriage by himself. We say nothing of the increased comfort and safety which the adoption of this system, so far as the separation of the cars into small compartments and the graduation of price in accordance with the accommodation given, would bring with it to families travelling together, or to ladies travelling alone. Of course, American inge-

nuity and sagacity would avoid the foolish and unnecessary plan of so isolating passengers that they could not communicate with the conductor, nor would any American railway official ever be guilty of the crime of shutting up a lady and a lunatic together. We could, and doubtless would, avoid all such blunders as these, and by a skilful adaptation of the English system to American requirements make railway journeying a pleasure instead of a penance, as it now so generally is.

#### THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE state of the British army is attracting much attention in England, and the question is not without interest for the American public. From time to time statements reach this side of the Atlantic which show that the British soldier is not as comfortably clothed, not as well cared for, not as well governed as the people of England wish him to be. The serious question for the commander-in-chief is the scarcity of recruits—a scarcity that may in a great measure be attributed to the following causes, on each of which we shall offer a few observations:

1. The extreme length of service demanded of every regiment sent to India, and the utter discomfort of the barracks there.
2. The keeping regiments at home the greater part of the year in camps.
3. The severe plainness of the dress.

Though recruits are scarce it is not for want of recruiting districts. For there are not less than six in Great Britain and three in Ireland. The headquarters are in London, Bristol, Liverpool, York, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. The headquarters in Ireland are in Dublin, Cork, and Belfast. All these places are well chosen, and if, when work is abundant, the recruiting sergeant on his voyage of discovery sails, as it were, against both wind and tide, and is compelled to put back into port, our surprise is not great. But what shall we say if the sergeant, in times when work is slack and men are penniless, fails even then with all his advantages? In rural districts the sergeant will be found at fairs where men are reckless through drink. He is found also in ale-houses on Saturday nights. And when the peasants are grumbling over their beggarly wages and cursing their fate, how well, with the skill given him by long experience, does the sergeant edge in a word or two in favor of the army. Will any one take a pipe and a pint of ale with him, and listen to all the wonderful and glorious things that will fall to the lot of those who are willing to serve her Majesty?

The organization of the recruiting system is more thorough at this moment than it ever was before; the speeches of the sergeant are as wily, as bland, as full of promises as ever; and yet the whole scheme to enlist men breaks down, and the failure is lamentable. The eloquence of the sergeant may be wily and bland, but it is not persuasive. The peasant laughs when the shilling is offered, and shakes his head with an air that seems to say, "I'll suffer a little more yet; I must be still worse off than I am before I enlist." He at last knows what is glory in India. There must be a surfeit of glory there. Soldiers, by way of a change of life after their monotonous sea voyage, long to partake of this glory. They partake too freely, and die in large numbers soon after their arrival. Since the great mutiny, Indian affairs have been widely discussed. They have been written about in penny papers—the papers of the multitude; they have been talked of in taverns by the wayside. And with what result? The meaning of the phrase, "glory in India," has at last penetrated even the bucolic mind. The farm laborer knows at last that glory in India means ten years' service where the thermometer in the shade is at 120°; that almost all the barracks in which he may be stationed are abominably constructed and situated in the unhealthiest part of unhealthy districts; that discipline abroad is even more severe than that at home; that the Articles of War, when construed by courts-martial at a distance of 10,000 miles from London, will be found to be against him in every time of trouble. He knows, too, that many in India are driven to drink in order to blunt the sense that steals upon them of their being utterly forsaken and ruined for life. Barracks, loathsome from the first through abounding discomfort, become more and more so as the tedious months come and go. Amusements, there are none. Ordinary comfort, it is rarely known in India. The soldier knows that the horses on the farm he left are better housed than he himself is abroad.

Two years might be made the limit of service there in a time of peace, and that, too, with advantage to England in respect of economy and to her soldiers in point of happiness. To enlist a recruit, drill him, and

send him to India costs the British government nearly a hundred pounds sterling. But with what advantage if the soldier, drilled and transported at enormous cost, is a corpse within three or four years, even in time of peace? If he knew that two years after his landing at Bombay or Calcutta he would once more be on his way home, would he be as reckless as he often is? Would he drink himself to death as he often does? If the barracks were not so wretchedly built, so horribly gloomy and lonesome, would he be tempted as often as he is to rush into dissipation the moment he is outside the gates? But, it will be said, the Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief, regrets all this and is striving hard to bring about a better state of things. The duke is not a soldier in the true sense of the word. High hopes were entertained of him at the outset of his career, but these hopes have been disappointed. His royal highness has the reputation of being a *bon vivant* and a very agreeable man of the world; but the people of England would tremble if, in a time of war, he should go abroad at the head of a hundred thousand men. What a spectacle has England presented during the last few years! Two dukes at the head, the one, of the army, the other, of the navy, and each ruining that service of which he was chief manager. Each duke trusted with positions of the greatest importance, each equally unfit, yet each kept in his position year after year because of his lofty title. Is it imagined that because a royal duke is at the head of the forces not only will every reckless peasant, every hungry laborer, join the army through necessity, but also that men will leave comfortable situations and enlist with delight? Sheer delusion. Even hungry men are shy of enlisting, even reckless peasants have great doubts about the quality of Indian glory, and men with good wages despise the position of an infantry soldier, smile when they read about the duke and his grand reviews, and shudder when they see coming up the Thames from India some large ship filled with dying soldiers who, but for the supercilious indifference and disgraceful ignorance of men high in office, might, humanly speaking, have counted on many years of vigorous life.

Our readers might reasonably conclude that to men who had for seven or eight years served in trying climates the privilege might be granted, on arrival in England, of being stationed in some agreeable town, so that they might mingle with civilians and actually experience the pleasure of returning to their native land. But again and again it happens that regiments arriving from abroad are ordered into the dreary camp at Aldershot, where life is one perpetual round of drill and review, and the desolate winter is such that the soldier would gladly exchange the hottest day in Calcutta for the coldest at Aldershot. Unfortunately for the British army, the people at one time were especially jealous of its prominence, especially watchful of its increase. But for this jealousy, the Duke of Wellington would have so arranged the barracks of Great Britain and Ireland that every soldier would have had, long ere now, not a palace for a dwelling-place, certainly, but a home truly comfortable in comparison with the den in which he is now too often quartered. To keep the army as much as possible out of sight of the people, what was the policy of the "Iron Duke"? He sanctioned the scattering of regiments in twos and threes all over Great Britain, so that in scarcely a barrack could be counted at any time more than two thousand men; and he thought it better that small sums should annually appear as incurred for repairs than year after year to attract the attention of the House of Commons by large sums spent in building commodious and handsome barracks. Many French soldiers have seen Paris and enjoyed the life that is to be found in their capital. Few British soldiers are ever allowed to enjoy life in London. True, London is the headquarters of three regiments of cavalry and three of infantry. But it is a city not seen by the great majority of the army. The commander-in-chief is evidently afraid of making the army too comfortable. In considering the case of the private soldier, the duke regards justice as a privilege, ordinary comfort as an embarrassing luxury, and the slightest relaxation as a stride on the road to revolution.

Lastly, we come to the question of dress. Before the Crimean war the cloth supplied to the army was bad, but the style of dress displayed the figure of the soldier to advantage, and made men take a pride in keeping themselves neat. The reason why the cloth was formerly bad was, that the contractor who furnished cloth to a regiment paid the colonel two hundred pounds a year as a perquisite, and so between the contractor who was determined to have his profits, and the colonel who was determined to have his perquisite,



and Whig governments that were determined to make no change till they were forced, the poor soldier was deprived of his rights. The cloth, however, is now much better in quality, but the style of dress for the mass of the infantry is such as to make handsome men look awkward and clumsy, and men of ordinary appearance seem very ordinary indeed. Does a soldier, anxious to make himself look as neat as possible, save his money, and buy a good, well-made pair of boots, the keen-eyed sergeant of his company soon discovers the improvement, and politely but firmly hints to the unfortunate speculator that the pair of boots is not the regulation pair, that it is contrary to the rules of the service to wear better boots than those furnished by the contractor, and that the speculator will find it advisable to sell the latter pair at less than cost price to the sergeant himself!

Austrian soldiers must wear whatever dress is given them, and so must British soldiers. But then Austrians are not allowed to decide whether they will or will not enter the army. Because an Austrian peasant has strong objections to a soldier's life, is he permitted to be exempt from conscription? The Austrian government may be patriarchal or parental or despotism tempered with mercy; but, whatever it is, it will not grant the privilege of exemption from service in the army merely because the conscript has certain objections of his own. But with the English laborer the case is far otherwise. In England there is no conscription. No one is compelled by law to enter the army. Care, therefore, should be taken to offer at least one attraction in a soldier's life. If the dress is made hideous it is certain that the number of recruits will diminish. There ought, in addition to the sharp necessity which often drives men into the army, to be a dress of attractive character, which, when displayed to advantage in recruiting districts, would be sure to have a magnetic influence.

The Duke of Cambridge would have it thought that the new army dress is better fitted for campaigning than the old. The fact is, with the exception of the quality of the cloth being better, there is no difference of any real importance between them. Besides, is the British soldier always fighting? Is England always declaring war? It is wisdom to be prepared for war; but to make the dress of the soldier repulsive and uncomfortable is not the way, in a country where there is no conscription, to fill the ranks of regiments numbering in their total 150,000 men.

Some regiments, however—"crack" regiments—are more easily recruited than others. Such, for example, are the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Lancers and the First Dragoon Guards, the First and Second Life Guards, and the regiment of Royal Horse Guards. These troops will bear comparison with any in the world. Not only are the men tall, strong, and well-proportioned, but the countenances of many are models of manly beauty. Skilled in athletic exercises and in the use of the sword, excellent horsemen, they are not only a magnificent show in time of peace, but would prove most formidable opponents in war. We may add that the First Life Guards is the only regiment in which the unusual privilege of wearing a civilian's dress when off duty is granted to the non-commissioned officers and men.

By making the length of service in India not longer than two years, by keeping no men in camp during winter, by giving a chance to every regiment to see London, and by making the dress as attractive and comfortable as possible, the difficulties now and for a long time experienced in obtaining recruits might be greatly diminished, and the British army once more become popular with men to whom the drudgery of trade or agricultural life is irksome, and to whom adventure and change of scene is a delight.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### SHALL WOMEN VOTE?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Will you allow me to say a few words on a momentous topic to which I have given some thought? Among the important questions of this progressive age none deserves more careful study than the one so much agitated among the people to-day, Shall women vote? In the answer to this question is involved the welfare or deterioration of society at large. The voice of the people of a large section of our country has lately declared that the right of suffrage does not and should not pertain to the female sex. But this may be the result of prejudice and long-established custom. An offended sense of propriety may have warped the free exercise of reason. Prejudices which are the growth of centuries are not to be removed from the public mind without a struggle. But it is the duty of every one to cast

aside such prejudices and deliberately to consider the actual merits and demerits of the case.

In various articles which have been published both in favor of and opposed to the extension of suffrage to women, a great deal has been said of the "natural right of suffrage." Now, if there is any one thing which more than another has tended to create confusion, it is the use in this connection of the words "natural right of suffrage." And the reason of this is, simply, that there is no such thing as the "natural right of suffrage." The words are meaningless. The natural rights of every individual are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and none other. To conceive of a man, considered without reference to his fellow-men, as possessed of the right of suffrage is an absurdity. The existence of a society is the necessary condition of the existence of this right. When men enter into the compact of society they surrender into the hands of government part of their natural rights, and, in exchange, are endowed with certain political rights. Suffrage originating in government is a political right and has nothing whatever to do with natural rights.

The question, then, naturally resolves itself into three general heads: First, Has woman politically a right to vote? Secondly, Is woman competent to vote? Thirdly, Would female suffrage be consistent with an advanced state of society? These are the three points whence I beg to argue the question.

Has woman politically a right to vote? A free government like our own, from its very nature and purpose, is under the obligation to afford protection and security to every individual within the limits of its jurisdiction. For, to permit any class of persons whatever to be debarred from the benefits of common law, or, in other words, to allow them to be independent of common law, is virtually to acknowledge an *imperium in imperio*. The stability of the government demands that its action shall extend to all within its confines. But it is extremely illogical to say that, because government is bound to afford protection to all its subjects, all those subjects have a right to a direct voice in the government. Nothing can be more erroneous. Government normally arises from an agreement made between individuals mutually to protect one another in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. From government are derived political rights. No one in justice can expect to be rewarded for what he has not bestowed. If an individual is unable to contribute to that mutual protection from which government takes its birth, and from which it derives its security, he cannot reasonably hope to reap the fruits which government holds out to those upon whose strength she relies for her existence. Strictly speaking, political rights do not pertain to him. Let us turn now to our own government. Here is one-half of the population confessedly inferior in point of physical strength and endurance to the other, and both on this account and by reason of certain natural duties not in a position to risk life in the defence of their country in the field. But our laws recognize the obligation society is under to the family tie, and in order that this tie may not be the means of degrading but of elevating and ennobling the female sex, have endowed women with a large share of the political rights which men of right enjoy. The rights of women, as relating to property, may or may not be too limited throughout the country. This is a question which has no bearing on the one in hand. But that women should demand the right of suffrage, in this sense, certainly displays bad taste, and that if their unreasonable demand were granted it would be attended with evil I am persuaded. Women, if they possess the right of suffrage, must cast their votes as a class either more or less independently of men, or must be controlled to a greater or less extent in their suffrages by the social influences of men. It has lately been said that "if women formed a separate body in the community, cut off from those close social ties like the priesthood in Catholic countries, then indeed we might fear to trust power over the government to a large class who could not be called upon to risk anything very dear to them in its defence." Now, we do not apprehend that women would generally, or even considerably, be cut off from the ties which naturally bind them to society; but yet this fact would not lessen the danger to society which would arise from the participation in the functions of government of a large class not liable to be called upon to risk their lives in the defence of that government. "Everything to gain and nothing to lose" would be a most fitting motto for this class. Few can fail to see the weakness of such a system. If, on the other hand, women as a class have so little individuality as to be controlled in their suffrages by the social affections instead of by reason, of what advantage to an enlightened government can these suffrages prove? Would they not offer an immense field for the exercise of undue influence?

The writer we have quoted above justly condemns "the theory of government founded on barbarism and slavery, and which only the prevalence of barbarism and slavery can maintain and excuse, that one class is justified in governing others by virtue of its power to do so." We heartily concur in the sentiment; but at the same time must confess that it appears to have shot off in a tangent to the general line of argument. We do not claim the right of governing women because we have the power; we rather claim the power because we have the right, because humanity and all our best affections demand the welfare and happiness of the female sex. The question is asked, "Why men whom age or physical weakness exempts from military service should not also be disfranchised?" If this be offered as an objec-

tion to the exclusion of women from the ballot, it is certainly one of the most puerile. Men, as a class, are able to bear the fatigues, and are required to face the dangers, of military service in time of national peril. Women are not, either as a class or individually. As to the disfranchisement of men who are physically unequal to the hardships of war, even if it were practicable, there would be a question as to its justice and expediency. But the measure is impracticable, as no sensible person will deny, and there the matter rests. It is argued that, "on the battle-field, when the interests at stake are those of the whole country and of each individual in it, men represent women, or, if they do not, they have no business to be there." This is a most plausible argument, and all the more plausible in that it is true to a certain extent. But, weighed in the balance, it will be found wanting. Our soldiers do, indeed, represent the nation, inasmuch as they fight under the national flag and for the national interests and in behalf of every individual within the limits of the jurisdiction of the national government. The preservation of government demands the preservation of the governed. It is in this way that our soldiers represent the women of the country. But the fact of women being represented on the battle-field in no way puts government under the obligation of extending to them the suffrage; for in this case the difference between representing and being represented is too often but just the difference between death and life, between the soldier's grave and woman's life at home. However great their patriotism, women do not shed their blood for their country; this is the lot of men. We do not doubt "that in questions of peace and war women's interests are at stake no less than men's"—for how could it be otherwise?—but we do very much doubt that this fact has any connection with the argument before us. During the rebellion many noble women volunteered their services to the Sanitary Commission and tenderly cared for sick and wounded soldiers. All praise and honor be to them for their unselfish devotion. But any one who would advocate female suffrage, and has any regard to the success of his cause, would hardly be willing to base his argument on the generosity and sympathy of our women during the late war.

Is woman competent to vote? We do not pretend to say that the intelligence of women as a class is inferior to that of a very large proportion of our voting population, and that, with the rapidly increasing educational facilities offered to their sex, they may not and will not soon prove equal in intelligence to our male population; such an assertion would be unjust. But mere intelligence and "lucid political views" are two distinct things; the existence of the former by no means necessitates the existence of the latter. Nature has imposed on woman certain domestic duties, in bringing up children and caring for the household. These duties demand her presence at home, and to a great extent debar her from those out-door professions and trades in which men generally engage. It is asked, "Why should a carpenter, a blacksmith, a mechanic necessarily acquire in the exercise of his trade more lucid political views than his wife, who manages the household expenditure and governs a family of children?" Now, it is evident that the exercise of a trade, *considered in itself*, will no more contribute to the clearness of political ideas than the care of a household. But this does not run counter to our argument; for we do not claim that it is the trade, but the diffusion of general information necessarily connected with the exercise of that trade, the spread of ideas resulting from the continual encounter of men in professional and business transactions, that makes men more competent than women to wield the ballot.

Again, in considering the competency of women to vote, a question arises as to whether they are competent to discharge the duties which would devolve upon them from the use of the ballot. No reasonable person can for a moment doubt that in case of the extension of the right of suffrage to a class comprising one-half of our population, their votes would frequently raise individuals out of their number to offices of trust and importance in the general government. There would then be presented to the world the strange and almost paradoxical spectacle of a government founded on the principles of democracy, and whose boast is in her strength, administered at the hands of a class who are unable to defend that government. Is any one blind to the folly and danger of such a state of things? Yet this is one of the legitimate results of female suffrage.

Would female suffrage be consonant with an advanced state of society? Woman claims the love of man, and maintains her influence in society through her feminine qualities. These qualities and those belonging to man are complements to each other. If we could conceive of a perfect being, we should conceive of the union in that being of the distinguishing qualities of a perfect man and a perfect woman, and in our conception would be contained all that is noblest and most God-like. And if we could conceive of a perfect society, we should conceive of a society among the individuals of which existed the free intermingling of these qualities in their highest perfection. As soon as a woman loses her femininity, all that distinguishes her in character from man, she is degraded and society deteriorates; and as soon as she engages in the pursuits of man and assumes his vocations she loses her femininity. History confirms this statement. We find that in those countries where women have habitually shared the occupations and hardships of men, society has existed in its most degraded form; that barbarism has pervaded manners, morals, and religion. If we ascend in the scale of civiliza-



tion, we perceive that just so far as woman is removed from the exercise of man's duties, just so much the more she is admired by man and honored in society for her feminine qualities. And to-day, in our own country, where society is characterized by order, and laws by justice and civilization, woman, free from the duties and responsibilities belonging to man, is found most honored and most loved. Now, whether the extension of the right of suffrage, which from the nature of a free government is distinctively a right of men, to women will or will not contribute to the preservation of their femininity, is too clear, in my opinion, to need further elucidation.

The opposite side make use of the argument that "history proves that in the progress of civilization chivalrous feeling in men has steadily increased in proportion to the increasing influence of women." We grant it; but would merely observe that the influence referred to is not an influence upon politics, but the influence that pervades the family circle. Never probably did chivalrous feeling mount higher than during the middle ages in the household of the baron, where the lady was entirely shut off from the pursuits of her lord; where the exigencies of the times called out of the man all that was manly and from the woman all that was womanly. To ask whether "it is for the advantage of the state that women should not take an intelligent and responsible interest in general questions," is to beg the question and proves nothing.

I have thus endeavored briefly to run over the merits of female suffrage, and am fully persuaded that the very nature of our government, the necessary duties of women, and the welfare of society alike forbid it; that it is in accordance with neither right, justice, nor expediency. Not only must society undergo a radical change to permit it, but even human nature must do the same. The presumption of time and public opinion is in my favor; and unless it can be clearly proved that the arguments presented by the negative of the question are valueless, it surely stands to reason that women should not vote.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. F. B.

NEW HAVEN, January 29, 1868.

#### LETTER FROM DR. CRAGIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Probably the most appropriate reply that I could make to Mr. Edward S. Gould would be to advise him to procure a good English grammar and—to study it. He might then comprehend, by the help of a little logic, that the proper use of the expressions "I would" and "we would," which he quotes from Macaulay and others, is in no possible wise a sanction for their improper use. He might then learn, too, that the phrases "I would" and "I should" are both equally and unexceptionably "good English" in their appropriate places. But if he is incapable of discriminating between them and of ascertaining where their appropriate places are, why, I cannot help it. Some persons are constitutionally incapacitated for appreciating music: I can only refer him again to the authorities. Worcester's dictionary, under the words "will" and "shall," may possibly help him a little.

It would be a mere waste of ink and paper, to say nothing of valuable space in the crowded columns of *The Round Table*, and the patience of its readers, to take up and discuss, *seriatim*, the dozen paragraphs of rambling puerilities which constitute Mr. Gould's last effusion. He denies that I have "shown" any "error," and asks me to substantiate my "charge," etc., etc. The last paragraph of his communication, however, I here copy in full:

"Mr. Cragin makes a show of arguing or illustrating something about 'will'; but 'would' is the word that he and Mr. Moon designated; 'would' is the word which they accused me of misusing; and 'would' is the word to which I have now and previously limited my replies."

Enough! That "something about will" is rather good! But "would" is the word, it seems, which Mr. Gould desires to discuss, and "would" it shall be, then. Well, my "charge" was, in general terms, that the "error" of substituting "will" for "shall" and "would" for "should" had become offensively common with American writers—that it had, in fact, become a "vulgarism" and a "nuisance;" and the instance which I adduced as an illustration of the solecism was Mr. Eveleth's "misquotation" from Junius, making that great master of English composition say, "I would not survive a discovery three days," etc., when the sentiment, "good English," and good grammar required him to say, as, indeed, he did say, "I should not," etc.

Now then, what has Mr. Gould say to that? Will he still persist in maintaining that that is not an "error" and that I have not "shown" it as such? And will he still presume to say that I have no authority for pronouncing it an "error" but my own individual "opinion"? If so, then I shall have the "magisterial assurance" to assert that, though Mr. Gould may have written a score of books on "good English," he has something yet to learn as to what constitutes good grammar, and that he is not the first instance, by a thousand, of a man's undertaking to instruct the public on a subject about which he is by no means too profoundly informed himself.

As to Mr. Eveleth's "exhaustive essay," the principal portion of his communication was devoted, if I mistake not, to mere speculation as to the rationale of certain modes of speech, with which, in this discussion, I have had nothing

to do. Pointing out the correct usage in discourse is one thing; assigning the reason, "philosophical" or otherwise, for that usage, is quite another. But so far from presenting a "conclusive" argument, Mr. E. appeared to be quite befogged in a mist of doubt himself. He says, in one place, "I grant, of course, that the language sanctioned by established practice requires, in the example cited, the employment of *shall* by him who speaks of himself and that of *will* by the one who speaks for him." Now, that is conceding the whole ground, and instead of "disposing" of "my opinion," it directly corroborates it. In another portion of his article he asks, "If it is good English for him to say, 'those who would like to understand,' why is it an American vulgarism for me to respond, 'I am one of those who would like to understand or I would like to understand?'"

This is ingenious, but clearly though subtly sophistical. The fallacy lies in the making of the two different forms of expressing the same idea, which I have placed in *italics*, to appear syntactically identical, whereas they are entirely distinct; the former being of the third grammatical "person," and the latter of the first; and the rule quoted in my last letter shows that the "person," in such cases, determines the choice of the auxiliary.

Finally, I must be allowed, in charity, to suggest that my bewildered antagonist indited his last bundle of crudities while laboring under the effects of a *coup de lune*; or, in plain English, that he was "Moon"-struck, and thereby temporarily deprived of the perfect enjoyment of his mental abilities. I remain, etc., etc., J. CRAGIN.

MOBILE, Ala., January 18, 1868.

P. S.—We are informed down here, in this benighted, "unreconstructed" territory that the *illuminati* of the "progressive" North have established a telegraphic communication with the "spirit land," so that Mr. G. has it in his power to call down celestial counsel on this subject, which would probably settle the matter for all time to come. That idea suggests another. Why not summon a general convention of the shades of our patriotic sires of the last generation and submit to their consideration our national troubles? I, for one, would take the word of glorious old John Randolph's ghost "for a thousand pound!" J. C.

#### THAT AND AS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Allow me to suggest to Mr. Gould that it "is inadmissible" to give to a word the meaning and office of a relative pronoun and then call it for convenience a conjunction. In the sentences quoted by me in a former letter—"Mr. Moon uses the word *such* in precisely the way that he says I must not use it," and two others—the word *that* is clearly and necessarily a relative. And this is no "assumption" of mine, but a necessary conclusion drawn from the use of the word in accordance with the definitions of grammar. Mr. Gould's assertion that he uses the word "as a conjunction" is preposterous. He does not use it so, whatever he may call it. The using of *that* without a word to determine its case, as exemplified above, is what Mr. Gould Brown condemns as a "mongrel construction." (See *Grammar of English Grammars*, pp. 303, 304.) To parse the word, we must supply a preposition at the end of the clause. Mr. Gould cannot be serious in proposing to substitute *as* for *that*. In the way *as*! Impossible! But it would be an improvement to say "precisely as" instead of "in precisely the way that." *As* may be used after *such*, *many*, or *same*, but, according to our best grammarians, even *as* is not a conjunction in such cases, but a relative. Mr. Dickens says (as quoted in the last number of *The Round Table*): "Very unlike any way in which any man . . . would express himself." This is a grammatical sentence. Mr. Gould would have used *that* for *in which*, and made an ungrammatical sentence. *In which* is not only not "inadmissible," but it is necessary to a clear construction. Query: Do not the words, "in precisely the way that he says," etc., suggest the question, *How* does he say it?

I am sorry that Mr. Gould did not give my enquiry more attention. He has lately expended much ingenuity in splitting hairs, and trying to show the difference "twixt tweedledum and tweedledee;" but here is a fair and important question of grammar which he dismisses in a way that (*as*?) would damage the reputation of any respectable common school teacher. Yours truly, J. W. W.

BALTIMORE, February 3, 1868.

#### REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

#### SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.\*

SOME learning and much research have been bestowed on the subject of primitive national music, and the result so far has scantily rewarded the labor. Not to dwell too long on a topic which has been so ably treated, we may observe that we are yet without a precise explanation of the law by which the indigenous music of a people instantly perishes when music of a more advanced kind is brought to them from abroad, like the wild flowers which fade before they

\* *Slave Songs of the United States*. New York: A. Simpson & Co. 1867.

can be arranged in vases, and die when transplanted to the soil of our gardens. Neither do the learned tell us why the Asiatics who descend from that Shem whose name means splendor, and whose power over colors is such as western art cannot reach, seem to be entirely without any corresponding gift concerning sounds. Why is it that the Chinaman can blend colors on a common saucer till we look at it with the same kind of pleasure which we feel in a gem, or a cloud, or the inside of a shell, and yet his singing and his music are at first absurd, and if continued unendurable? Only one Indian air is domesticated in our song-books, that known to the words "I have come from a happy land;" and Europe has acquired nothing from Turks, Arabs, or Saracens but one instrument of percussion.

This much is certain, that laborers of all times and nations have accompanied their toil with ejaculations and prolonged sounds, more or less vocal and rhythmic; the next step has naturally been to make the accustomed chants serve the purpose of recreation and accompany dancing; the third step is recitation and the rhythm, now distinct in character and capable of some variety, serves as a relief and an accompaniment to a bard or singer. The value of the songs so recited depends on the genius of the people, and ranges from the poems of Homer to the babble of our Southern field-hands; but these songs are always in the minor, that is, in a minor mode, because the mode or scale which we call major is arbitrary, and was adopted to enable voices to sing together in regularly constructed parts, which they cannot do in any of the old natural scales. We are thus enabled to affix an approximate date to fragments of ancient music, and to say of music which reaches us from uncivilized tribes whether it is a natural outgrowth or a corruption of something which has reached them from the world of civilization; if, however, the tribe who have arrived at the point of recitation remain undisturbed—for, as we said before, music of a higher kind always kills the native growth—a national music is the result. Musicians have at all times been keenly attentive to popular tunes, hoping that some new and gracious motives and inflections might be added to their stores from these spontaneous growths. Haydn did much to call attention to the national airs of Scotland, Chopin made the characteristic dances of his country familiar in Paris, and each nation, as its music passed into the form of recognized art, has collected with care all attainable fragments of an earlier time.

Something of this spirit has influenced the production of the highly interesting volume before us as well as a natural desire to make a lasting record of what was doubtless a most delightful episode in the lives of its compilers, and it is only to be regretted that the enormous mass of letters and reminiscences which has been already published concerning the war, together with the ceaseless flood of fictions based thereon with which our periodicals are overrun, have already to a great extent wearied public attention to the prejudice of matter of a permanently worthy kind. The introduction, though long, is interesting, being, in fact, a scholarly treatise on the negro dialect; and as such we should be glad to think that it might influence the authors of the war fictions before mentioned.

The writers of the introduction decisively prove that of original African words a very small number, probably not more than three or four, remain in use; they say: "With these people the process of phonetic decay appears to have gone as far, perhaps, as is possible, and with it an extreme simplification of etymology and syntax;" and again: "strange words are less numerous in their *patois* than one would suppose, and, few as they are, most of them may be readily derived from English words. Beside the familiar *buckra* and a few proper names, as Cuffe, Quash, and perhaps Cudjo, I only know of *churray* (spill), which may be 'throw 'way'; *oona* or *ona*, 'you'; and *aw*, a kind of expletive equivalent to 'to be sure'; as, 'Dat clot' cheap.' 'Cheap aw.' 'Dat Monday one lazy boy.' 'Lazy aw—I 'bleege to lick 'em.' Corruptions are more abundant."

The tunes, or rather chants, in the collection, rise to the number of 136, and are divided into four sections, according to the region of country from which they come. Travellers have always mentioned the aptitude for vocal music shown by the Southern negroes, and the effect on the feelings produced by their long, wailing chants; perhaps the best description we have, both of the music and its effect on the imagination, is that quoted on page 19 of this volume from Russell's diary: "The oarsmen, as they bent to their task, beguiled the way by singing in unison a real negro melody, which was as unlike the works of the Ethiopian serenaders as anything in song could be unlike



another. It was a barbaric sort of madrigal, in which one singer, beginning, was followed by the others in unison, repeating the refrain in chorus, and full of quaint expression and melancholy:

"Oh your soul! oh my soul! I'm going to the churchyard  
To lay this body down.  
Oh my soul! oh your soul! we're going to the churchyard  
To lay this nigger down."

And then some appeal to the difficulty of passing the 'Jawdam' constituted the whole of the song, which continued with unabated energy during the whole of the little voyage. To me it was a strange scene. The stream, dark as Lethe, flowing between the silent, houseless, rugged banks, lighted up near the landing by the fire in the woods which reddened the sky—the wild strain and the unearthly adjurations to the singers' souls, as though they were palpable, put me in mind of the fancied voyage across the Styx." The tune on the same page, which is probably the one the writer heard, is plaintive, and even beautiful, and both in mode and intervals has all the characteristics which we find in the genuine music of primitive peoples. Numbers 2, 20, 17, 88, and several others are equally interesting; number 46 is an example of the curious syncopations which are among the peculiarities of negro music. Numbers 28 and 47 close on the fifth, and number 61 and several others bear some resemblance to Gregorian tones.

We are heartily agreed with the accomplished persons who made this compilation as to the great desirableness of permanently preserving such strains as these or any other genuine outgrowth of natural musical feeling. They are valuable as a means of comparison, and composers at the present time are so much governed by instruments and their combinations that the art of writing for the voice is actually in danger of being lost. Under these circumstances it is more than ever necessary to recur from time to time to the music, always vocal, of primitive races to find those inflections which the voice most easily and willingly performs. We only wonder that the compilers did not edit the collection they have presented to us in the same critical spirit which they brought to bear on the dialect. There is an amusing account by Colonel Higginson of his search for a composer, but surely the tune itself, rightly investigated, would have told him whether it was the outpouring of an untaught singer or a corruption of some half-remembered Methodist hymn. We should ourselves eliminate all those tunes which were not either in whole or in part in the minor or containing minor intervals. Next all which closed in the stereotyped hymn style, like numbers, 33, 35, 38, 49, 105, and several others; and finally, all those which, like numbers 15, 19, 23, 25, 109, were either the originals or the variations of negro tunes well known to the public, or which, like number 38, were evident corruptions of Scotch or other tunes. This would reduce the collection considerably, but the residuum we should highly value, and we trust that this volume will soon reach a second edition, and that fresh contributions will enable the compilers to give us a yet more complete collection of the slave songs of the United States.

#### LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF OUR LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS.\*

IT is frequently the case that the dim and mysterious height to which princes are elevated above other mortals, the almost impassable barriers which surround them, and the uncertain and devious ways in which all information of a domestic nature is generally transmitted, deprive us of that intimate knowledge of the complexion of their minds which gives a present interest to the story of their lives and affords to posterity the most valuable materials for biography. It is therefore in no irreverent spirit, but rather one of respectful yet curious interest, that we welcome the unstudied expressions of personal feeling, the narrative of incidents embodying traits of individual character, the pure, unpretending picture of domestic happiness and love, of motherly tenderness and comprehensive charity, which her Majesty has so unreservedly given to her people. She challenges no comparison with skilled writers, nor does she indulge in any flights of poetic fancy; more distinguished for moral virtue than intellectual capacity, she evinces no creative faculty, no wide grasp of thought, no originality; but her journal is remarkable for a healthy simplicity, it shows her to possess a well trained mind, refined and cultivated taste, rational judgement, and a ready appreciation of goodness. In the most happy and cheerful spirit the Queen sets out upon her travels, evidently determined to derive as much pleasure from them as

possible, and her admiration for all that is beautiful in nature and art is only equalled by her appreciation of the endeavors which every one made for her entertainment, and her naturally expressed gratitude for the love so universally shown toward her. Nothing seems to escape her notice; on her first visit to Edinburgh she gives a minute description of the streets and houses, and shows an intimate acquaintance with all their historical and traditional associations. After a breakfast whereat she mentions eating "porridge and Finnan haddies," she says:

"We drove in under Arthur's Seat, where the crowd began to be very great, and here the guard of Royal Archers met us; Lord Elcho walking near me, and the Duke of Roxburghe and Sir J. Hope on Albert's side. We passed by Holyrood Chapel, which is very old and full of interest, and Holyrood Palace, a royal-looking old place. The procession moved through the Old Town up the High Street, which is a most extraordinary street from the immense height of the houses, most of them being eleven stories high, and different families living in each story. Every window was crammed full of people. They showed us Knox's House—a curious old building, as is also the Regent Murray's House, which is in perfect preservation. In the Old Town the High Church, and St. Paul's in the New Town, are very fine buildings. At the barrier the Provost presented us with the keys. . . . We saw Heriot's Hospital, a beautiful old building, built in the time of James by a jeweller, whom Sir Walter Scott has made famous in his *Fortunes of Nigel*.

"The view of Edinburgh from the road before you enter Leith is quite enchanting; it is, as Albert said, 'fairy-like,' and what you would only imagine as a thing to dream of, or to see in a picture. There was that beautiful large town, all of stone (no mingled colors of brick to mar it), with the bold castle on one side, and the Calton Hill on the other, with those high sharp hills of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags towering above all, and making the finest, boldest background imaginable."

With her visit to Taymouth, where, as she says, Lord Breadalbane received her as a great chieftain in feudal times might have done, she speaks in terms of great delight, and in a note, so characteristic of the sad change which years have wrought in her domestic life, she draws a touching contrast:

"At a quarter to six we reached Taymouth. At the gate a guard of Highlanders, Lord Breadalbane's men, met us. Taymouth lies in a valley surrounded by very high, wooded hills; it is most beautiful. The house is a kind of castle, built of granite. The coup d'œil was indescribable. . . . A small fort, which is up in the woods, was illuminated, and bonfires were burning on the tops of the hills. I never saw anything so fairy-like. There were some pretty fireworks, and the whole ended by the Highlanders dancing reels, which they do to perfection, to the sound of the pipes, by torchlight, in front of the house. It had a wild and very gay effect."

"I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the 3d of October, from Dunkeld (*incognito*), with Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss MacGregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from a gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were. We got out and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and then unknown, quite in private, I gazed—not without deep emotion—on the scene of our reception, twenty-four years ago, by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style, not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect. Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then! I was very thankful to have seen it again. It seemed unaltered—1856."

The second trip to Scotland was made in 1844, when the little Princess of Wales, whom the Queen familiarly calls "Vicky," accompanied her parents, and at whose endeavors to behave like a grown-up person the affectionate mother seems quite amused. During this and some subsequent trips to Scotland the royal party penetrated further into the wild Highland regions, their enjoyment seeming to increase with the number of their visits, and being especially enhanced by the privacy with which they sometimes succeeded in surrounding themselves; occasionally camping out with a very small party in a little "boothie," and putting up with the roughest fare at a small country inn, in almost childlike enjoyment of their *incognito*. In 1850 her Majesty's passion for mountain scenery led her to make the very laborious ascent of Ben-na-Bhould, walking and riding about eighteen miles over the roughest paths, sometimes on ground covered with stones, but always enjoying the beauty of the views and characterizing it as a delightful expedition. Her familiarity with legendary lore lends an additional charm to her journeys, and she makes frequent quotations from Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, which she delights to read. The unreserved and womanly expression of sorrow on the receipt of the news which told of the death of England's hero is very natural, and shows how truly she appreciated his worth. At first the Queen was unwilling to credit the report which reached them by telegraph, but shortly after their letters arrived:

"Among them there was one from Lord Derby, which I tore open, and, alas! it contained the confirmation of the fatal news: that *England's*, or rather *Britain's*, pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she had ever produced, was no more! Sad day! Great and irreparable loss! Lord Derby enclosed a few lines from Lord Charles Wellesley, saying that his dear, great father had died on Tuesday, at three o'clock, after a few hours' illness, and no suffering. God's will be done! The day must have come; the duke was eighty-three. It is well for him that he has been taken while still in the possession of his great mind, and without a long illness; but what a loss! One cannot think of this country without 'the Duke'—our immortal hero! In him centred almost every earthly honor a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had; above party, looked up to by all, revered by the whole nation, the friend of the sovereign. And how simply he carried those honors! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions governed. The crown never possessed—and I

fear never will—so devoted, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter! To us (who, alas! have lost now so many of our valued and experienced friends) his loss is irreparable, for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty was unequalled. . . . Not an eye will be dry in the whole country."

Her Majesty has a way of describing every-day occurrences with a *naïveté* which is quite refreshing; and one can scarcely help remarking the strong maternal instinct which deprived her of all power to help poor little "Vicky" in her difficulty with the wasps, at the same time that we remember her complete self-control and coolness when her own life was attempted by the maniac Oxford. Everywhere we find her endeavoring to acquire an intimate knowledge of the humblest of her people, their condition and mode of life; sympathizing with their joys and sorrows, alleviating their distress, appreciating the goodness which is in them, and good-humoredly willing to find excuses for their shortcomings. She took great delight in visiting the cottages of the old women in the neighborhood of Balmoral; and on one occasion she says:

"We went into three other cottages; to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door), who had an 'unwell boy'; then across a little burn to another old woman's, and afterward peeped into Blair, the fiddler's. We drove back and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, 'You're too kind to me, you're over kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with me she said, 'I am happy to see ye looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry herself'; and having said she feared she would not see her (the princess) again, said, 'I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fit (fit). Dear old lady; she is such a pleasant person. Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."

Her solicitude for the welfare of her servants, and her extreme kindness to them and all inferiors—which is a distinguishing characteristic of high birth and breeding—is shown in the care for their comfort which she looks upon as one of her especial duties, and the frequent mention she makes of their good service and fidelity. In one instance she speaks of a good, zealous servant whose people had served the royal family through four generations. All allusion to political questions are carefully avoided; but the frankness with which the Queen takes, as it were, her people into her confidence, with an assurance of their sympathy and general interest in her early joys and present sorrow, must be to them most gratifying, while her wife-like respect for Prince Albert's opinion, her unquestioning affection and gratitude for his guiding love and judicious counsel, cannot fail to have a beneficial influence, and furnish an example well worthy their attention. Though her love for country life has suffered no abatement, its unshared enjoyment is clouded, sad memories hang around the beautiful scenes in which an almost idolized husband contributed to her happiness. The face of nature is unchanged, but amid its grandest outlines she mourns the absence of that

"Human heart by which we live."

The Queen's journal is a record of the happiest emotions of her happiest days; another bond of union between herself and her people, a valuable legacy to after times, and a most useful contribution to the history of her reign.

#### JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO NEW YORK IN 1679-80.\*

THE first volume of the *Memoirs of the Historical Society of Long Island* is interesting in several respects. It is the first of a series of annual publications from a fund given for that purpose by one of the members of the society; it is the result of the literary labor of a prominent politician, and a leader of his party in the state; and it is itself unique and attractive. It consists of the journal of one of two members of the religious community of Labadists which sprang up in Holland in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and, after a singular history of self-sacrifice, zeal, devotion, and folly, perished before its close. This *Journal* was kept during a voyage to the colony of New Netherland, made by the author and his companion, to discover a place within the comparative solitude of the half-broken wilderness where the community, persecuted by the Church, distracted by the temptations surrounding its members, and not a little disturbed by the rebellion offered by both flesh and spirit against its rigid discipline, could regain its early unity and success. The *Journal* is translated and edited by the Hon. Henry C. Murphy, at present, and for a number of years, a member of the State

\* *Memoirs of the Long Island Historical Society. Vol. I. Journal of a Voyage to New York, and a Tour in Several of the American Colonies in 1679-80.* By Jasper Dankers and Peter Sluyter, of Wierwerd, in Friesland. Translated from the original manuscript in Dutch for the Long Island Historical Society, and edited by Henry C. Murphy, Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the Society. Brooklyn, 1867.

\* *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands.* By Queen Victoria. Edited by Arthur Helps. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1868.



Senate from one of the Kings County districts, formerly United States minister at the Hague, and a gentleman whose proficiency in political life has not interfered with a quiet and genuine interest in occasional literary work.

The introduction gives a very clear and concise narrative of the career of the Labadists, who were the followers of Jean de Labadie, a Frenchman by birth, educated as a Jesuit, a pure enthusiast by nature, and a man who, believing himself to be inspired to call together the elect of God in a visible church, preparatory to the coming of the kingdom, founded a community in which, with genuine fanatical contradiction, all the members were guided by the "inner light of God in their souls," as expounded by him and his immediate associates. In general doctrines the Labadists agreed with the Dutch Reformed Church of that period; but their leader fearlessly, and "as one having authority," denounced its ministers as teachers of hellish errors, where their exposition of the Scriptures did not agree with his own; and he insisted on a life of strict self-denial, and even mortification, with the abandonment of all earthly interests and the complete devotion of the whole life to serving God by contemplation, by prayer, by worship, and by obedience to his will, interpreted as above indicated. It was during the stormy time which followed Labadie's death, and which was aggravated by a shameful failure to found a colony in Surinam, that Jaspas Dankers, the author of the *Journal* before us, with a companion by the name of Sluyter, or Schluter, was sent out to find a resting-place for the community in America. They were men of superior natural ability, shrewd, energetic, observing, with a notable tact, pleasing address, and a resolute purpose. Both spoke French and Latin, as well as their mother tongue, and seem to have been well-informed. Dankers was sufficiently acquainted with navigation to keep the course of their ship on the chart more correctly than its commander, and was at the same time a practical carpenter, something of a cooper, and by trade a "wine-racker," or one who puts wine in casks. He was, moreover, a naturalist in a modest way, and made accurate but very awkward sketches with crayon, several of which are reproduced in the present volume.

The journal is very minute, and apparently very frank. On the voyage over the writer took special pains to describe the course the ship took, and what dangers it met or avoided, for the benefit of those who should follow him; but it is not in these the general reader is so much interested as in his description of the people of the seaport towns and on board the vessel, whose grossness and selfishness and continual tippling filled his soul with horror; and in some of his descriptions of nature, which are curiously fresh and faithful. The two opposite phases of the ocean's beauty—its beauty under a calm sunset and beneath a wide and raging storm—are recorded by him with a realistic detail that would have shamed Ruskin in his worst, and delighted him in his best, moods.

Arriving at New York the 23d of September, 1679, the writer and his companions found a land overflowing with peaches, cider, and Barbadoes rum, which is called by the Dutch *kill-devil*; and, if we may trust their account, our venerated ancestors were in pitiable subjection to this miserable drink. The writer describes the habits of the people they met with great particularity. We are assured of Dominie Schaats, whom they heard preach, that "they could imagine nothing else than that he had been drinking that morning," which is not improbable. At "Gouanes," on the Brooklyn side, not a mile from where the translator of this journal lives two hundred years later, they ate venison shot in the adjoining woods, and bought of Indians at fifteen cents the haunch; also some wild turkey and goose and oysters, "the best in the country," and "some of them not less than a foot long." At Fort Hamilton, or "Najack," as it was then called, they did not fare as well.

"After supper," writes Dankers, "we went to sleep in the barn, upon some straw spread with sheepskins, in the midst of the continual grunting of hogs, squealing of pigs, bleating and coughing of sheep, barking of dogs, crowing of cocks, cackling of hens, and, especially, a good quantity of fleas and vermin, of no small portion of which we were participants, and all with an open barn-door, through which a fresh north-west wind was blowing. Though we could not sleep, we could not complain, inasmuch as we had the same quarters and kind of bed that the son of our hosts usually had, who had now, on our arrival, crept in the straw behind us." Of their host, Jacques Cortelyou, whose descendants still live in the neighborhood, the

journalist, after describing his scientific attainments, naively says: "The worst of it was, he was a good Cartesian and not a good Christian, regulating himself and all externals by reason and justice only;" a fact which must have made the travellers wish that all professing Christians, whom they met were "loud Cartesians."

They journeyed up and down in the land; walked around Coney Island, then innocent of the revels of market-boys and the *demi-monde*; tramped through blind woods, and lost their way among the creeks of Staten Island; got cheated at that early day by the enterprising Dutchmen whose descendants keep their fame fresh in New Jersey; visited and conversed with the Indians, and busied themselves not only in finding out the habits of the people and the geography and productions of the colony, but copied its laws, enquired into its commercial regulations, trafficked with the residents to their own considerable profit, and gently and assiduously spread their doctrines, judiciously selecting the subjects of conversion, and "speaking to them what was proper and they could bear."

One convert in particular they made, by name Ephraim Hermans, with whom they went southward to the Delaware, among the Quakers, where they got of him a considerable tract of land, on which Sluyter afterward founded a community, and lorded over it with great severity and piety and profit. The chronicle of this journey contains some amusing and some interesting adventures, together with some sharp criticism on the Quakers, who are described as behaving very much as the more ignorant of the Labadists themselves did, and who therefore furnished broad and convenient shoulders over which to flog the delinquents of the writer's own people—according to a principle not wholly ignored in our own habits of this day.

Returning from the "South River," our travellers, in the interval of delay before they could start for home, ascended the North River to Albany, where they fell in, among others, with a remarkable Indian Christian, who did not however differ so widely from his white brethren as might be supposed, since he had been converted to a belief in God by having his prayer for game answered on two occasions; once when his uncle had failed at him for finding none, and once when he was tired of eating seal flesh. From another Indian they got a very complete, but not now novel, statement of the opinion of the Indians in relation to the Godhead, the creation, and the preservation and government of all things. They record also some curious legends of the origin of the various names of localities of renown along the river, most of which are more fanciful than reliable.

They paint a bad picture of the distress of the farming colonists, caused by the arbitrary and oppressive rules of the governor, Sir Edmund Chandos. Thus, the colonists raised grain, which was partly exported in barter to the Barbadoes and partly used for distillation of liquor. The governor cut off both markets by forbidding both export and distillation; and when the colonists sought relief by trading with Boston, he prohibited that trade, and thus left the farmers to get what they could of his intimates, the merchants, who seem to have influenced financial and commercial legislation more in those days than they can in these.

Dankers and Sluyter returned to Europe by the way of Boston, of which they tell hard stories without stint, and we fear, in some cases, without foundation. Its people, "like all other Englishmen, if they were not more detestable than the Hollanders, were at least no better." The bed they slept in had terrible occupants, which left them no sleep. The ministers prayed two, and even three or four, hours, and preached one, and "there was no more devotion than in other churches, and even less than in New York" (where, it will be remembered, they discovered the tipsy clergyman and no devotion), "no respect, no reverence; in a word, nothing but the name of Independents, and that was all." At Harvard College there was no president, only some tutors and a half-score of pupils, who made their halls smell of smoke "so strong," says Dankers, "that when I was going up stairs I said, 'This is certainly a tavern.'" The captain of the homeward-bound vessel they "found, like the English everywhere, doing nothing but lying and cheating when it serves their interest." The townspeople were withal suspicious lest they were Jesuits, being "quiet and modest, and an entirely different sort of people from themselves," speaking "several languages," and being "cunning and subtle of mind and judgement." It will be appealing to the feelings of the Bostonians to know that this was attributed to the report of "worldly men from New

York." But they found grand old John Eliot in Boston, engaged at seventy-seven years of age in getting out a new edition of his *Indian Bible*, all the former having been burned or destroyed in the late Indian war by the fiery apostles of Puritanism among the savages.

The volume of which we have thus cursorily noticed some of the features is very clearly printed by the veteran annalist of Albany, Joel Munsell.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

*A Suggestive Commentary on the New Testament. St. Luke. 2 vols. By Rev. W. H. Van Doren. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.*—This work has the merit and advantage of being a novelty in Biblical criticism. In brief and pertinent sentences it gives the sum of what needs to be said. Each verse is taken by itself; then comments are added on the individual words or phrases, each comment being hardly ever a line long, and critical remarks on the original are subjoined in smaller type. The book reads rather queerly at first, as if it were a collection of headings, for the copula of the sentence is quite generally left out. It "suggests" rather than develops its position. This gives to it, at times, an over-confident or apparently dogmatic air, especially where it touches on controverted questions. There are also occasional repetitions. Some of the learning is doubtful and antiquated, as when the author refers to Plato's *Timæus* in proof of the position that "traditions" about "the Trinity" had "floated from the Church to the heathen," i. e., from the Old Testament Church. There is no evidence of this. The conciseness is at times so excessive as to "suggest" wrong ideas, as when the author says, "Equality of the Trinity denied by Arius," meaning, of course, that the equality of Christ with the Father was denied by Arius. But, upon the whole, this work will serve a useful purpose by its pertinent, concise, and suggestive interpretations. Those who wish to get at the chief points, in the shortest way, especially for Bible-class or Sabbath-school instruction, will find it a convenient manual.

*The Theology of the Bible; itself the Teacher, and its Own Interpreter. Five Versions of the Old Testament, and Four of the New, compared with the Originals. By Oliver Spencer Halsted, ex-Chancellor of the State of New Jersey. Published by the Author, 417 Broad Street, Newark, N. J. 1866.*—The title of this volume is somewhat wider than its contents; for its object is to show that the Bible does not favor the doctrine of the natural immortality of the soul, nor of the endless suffering of the wicked, but rather of their annihilation; while life, eternal life, is a gift of God in Christ Jesus.

The method of the ex-Chancellor, in his Biblical investigations, is to take up the leading words, give the Hebrew (in English equivalent letters), follow it through all the Old Testament, also give the words used for it in five versions (viz.: the Septuagint, the Latin Vulgate, the Italian, the Douay version, and the authorized English version). Then the New Testament Greek for the same words is examined with the same patience. Thus, the word *Soul* occupies 360 pages; "but many things not expected will be found in these pages." Then the word *Spirit*, from page 360 to 433; *Hell*, page 433 to 454; *Satan*, *Heaven*, *Resurrection*, etc.

Of the success of his labors the author gives (page 355) the following estimate: "He or she who had read the preceding pages of this book had obtained, I doubt not, a more thorough and convincing view of God's system in reference to man than even the writings referred to of those three great men and Christians, Milton, Locke, and Whately, would have impressed upon his mind." He is very severe upon those he calls the "Orthodoxists," especially the Calvinists, assuring us that Calvin's "theory is the most horribly blasphemous ever concocted in the brain of man." He is also careful to inform us that the bishop of the Episcopal Church confirmed him, with full knowledge of his views. His criticisms upon the authorized English version are sharp and unsparing; he seems to suppose that it was made under the influence of the Calvinistic theory.

It is not our province to discuss the theological questions here raised. Those who are interested in them will find in this work an ample collection of materials, even though they may not accept its conclusions. It is somewhat rugged reading at first, because the Greek and Hebrew words (in English italics) are uniformly given, and also the various translations of the same; but a little practice will enable one to get along smoothly after a while. Opponents of the author's views would sometimes suggest that he has not given full head to their arguments, and that more learned Hebrew and Greek scholars had come to different conclusions. The arrangement of the book, too, is not such as to facilitate the use of it. But the ex-Chancellor is evidently a hard-working and honest thinker, and speaks his mind plainly, without much regard to the opinions of others or the doctrine of the Church; and of course he would be the last man to complain of equal plainness of speech on the part of others.

*A Parting Word. By Newman Hall, LL.B. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1868.*—Mr. Hall was betitled in



this country as D.D., from some American college, we believe; he here appears as a Bachelor of Laws. Since his return to England he has expressed his preference for the plain Mr. His *Parting Word* to his friends in this country will be read with sympathy and interest by the thousands who here thronged to hear him. He is always simple, earnest, and effective.

*Faust.* By Goethe. From the German by John Anster, LL.D. Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz; New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.—Dr. Anster—who was one of the many eminent in letters that last year took from us, and who died, if we mistake not, soon after he had prepared to be given anew to the public this piece of his work long out of print,—Dr. Anster was the first to give to English readers, by the publication in *Blackwood* of large parts of this translation, any better notion of the great poem now so well known than was to be got from one or two disjointed and unfavorably selected scraps which had been Englished by Shelley. For a long time this was unquestionably the standard rendering of what was not only the masterpiece of the great author who labored at its elaboration during more than sixty years of his long life, but is now recognized as *facile princeps* among the innumerable versions of the Faust myth that Germany, France, Spain, and England made from the puppet-show of the Reformation, one of which (Christopher Marlowe's) is said to have first inspired Goethe with the idea of the long labor in which his own life was to be embodied. Except Prof. Blackie's translation, Dr. Anster's was in fact the only worthy poetical translation of the many that appeared until the recent one of Mr. Theodore Martin, which we know indeed only from sample passages and the description some two years ago by *The North British Review*, but in which, we believe, has been attained a greater lyrical success than in that of the two other accepted renderings. Mr. Martin, we have somehow got an impression, purposes increasing the service he has already done the public by giving us that little-known second part of *Faust* whose merits are so ardently disputed, some even holding it to be not merely an essentially different poem from the first part, but one unworthy alike of its subject and its author. In that event he will have established a claim which will make his the generally accepted translation of Goethe's *Faust*—*THE FAUST*. Meanwhile the balance hangs pretty evenly, and there can be recognized, we fancy, no such preponderance of merit as shall unsettle Dr. Anster's prior right as pioneer as well as a translator fully imbued with, and faithful to, the spirit of the original. At any rate, his has been chosen by the great Leipzig publishing house best known to cis-Atlantic readers as the preferable form in which the great German poem should be added to the *Collection of German Authors* of which it forms the third work, and so is likely for a long time to retain the position it has hitherto held. We have of course no idea of attempting to enter, in the few lines at present at our disposal, upon the subject of the poem itself, which has been the theme of a voluminous and still increasing critical literature; and shall sufficiently discharge our present duties by saying that no better dress could be desired for a popular edition, the form being that long known as characterizing the Tauchnitz books, while the binding is of the tasteful and substantial pattern which the American publishers have selected for recent volumes of the series.

*The Æneid of Virgil.* With Explanatory Notes by Thomas Chase, A.M., Professor in Haverford College. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. 1868.—This very attractive little volume is the second of a classical series which was commenced by the publication of a *Cæsar*, described in *The Round Table* some months ago, and is to be continued with *Cicero's Orations*, *Horace*, and *Sallust*. Professor Chase's editing has evidently not been the superficial operation to which the name is often given: he has collated for his text the editions of Heyne, Wagner, Conington, Ladewig, and Ribbeck, beside—under the guidance of the latter—the testimony of the best MSS. The notes seem to us judicious: occupying—together with a metrical index that solves certain difficulties in scanning and elucidates the prosodial terms and operations that apply to Virgil's hexameter, and an index of proper names—about half the space of the text. They cannot be reproached with giving encouragement to laziness, and do not seem to have exceeded the amount of assistance necessary to keep an ambitious boy from despair. For the rest, the notes of each book open with a brief *Argument*; changes in the narration are marked by a space which will convey a much clearer notion that there is a story worth following than school-boys are apt to gain by their own light, beside affording landmarks and resting-places whose influence in easing the journey is by no means to be underrated. On the whole, granting that notes are to be used and the little Oxford pocket volumes thus ruled out, we have seen no edition of the *Æneid* that we like as well as this, while our only complaint in the matter is of the omission of the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, which, by no injudicious taste, many boys prefer to the ponderous epic, while they might very well have supplanted the rarely read last six books.

*The Brothers' Bet.* By Emilie Flygare Carlen. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.—From the former works of this hitherto successful Swedish authoress we might fairly be led to expect something more worthy her reputation than *The Brothers' Bet*. It reads like a translation from one of those ephemeral French comediettes the in-

terest of which depends entirely upon good acting. The dialogue is strained and unnatural, the plot dull and improbable, and the personages not worthy a moment's consideration. That two brothers, one a clergyman and the other a lawyer, should deliberately endeavor to win the affection of a widow who is supposed to be grieving for a lost husband—but who is in reality making herself miserable about a former lover, for whom throughout her wedded life she has retained a strong attachment—and that these two very conceited and very empty-headed brothers should make a bet as to which should win the widow, is not only disgusting, but excessively stupid.

In the chilly atmosphere of Sweden such proceedings may find toleration, but they would fail to be appreciated here. Two sisters, Bertha and Hilda, are charming girls, and worthy to be placed in better company.

*The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship.* Selected and Arranged by John Williamson Palmer, editor of *Folk Songs*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.—The taste and judgement which Dr. Palmer displayed so conspicuously in his former compilation have served him equally well in the present one, and if the first part of his projected series of the *Poetry of the Family* be an earnest of the other four, he will probably succeed in filling a unique place in English literature. The idea is ingenious and skillfully carried out. As the editor says, "The volume has a method, not always discoverable in the madness of such a 'collection,' and just as the *Poetry of Compliment and Courtship* opens with a familiar morceau of gay gallantry and closes with a wedding, so the *Poetry of the Family* begins with the birth of a love and ends with the death of the beloved." The selections are made with care and comprise most of what is best in English poetry, in this particular province, from the undeserved obscurity of Habington's *Castara* to the more modern beauties of Tennyson and De Vere. Perhaps we can give no better idea of the thoroughness with which Dr. Palmer has done his work than by stating that no single poem has occurred to us as deserving a place in his book which we have not found. The changes in the titles of many of the poems from, to quote again from the preface, "unmeaning and misleading 'lines,' 'stanzas,' etc., to others, suggested or demanded by the themes themselves," are, for the most part, judicious, though sometimes savoring of affectation, as in the substitution of *The Devil Take Her* for the usual title of Sir John Suckling's poem, *Why so pale and wan, fond lover?* The same fault may be found with the disguising of Bayard Taylor under the unfamiliar mask of Jas. B. Taylor. But these are trivial blemishes, and their mention only serves to show how hard pushed we have been to find any fault at all with Dr. Palmer's dainty little volume. No more graceful or tasteful gift could be found for the fortunate one to whom the book is dedicated—"her that each loves best."

*Elia; or, Spain Fifty Years Ago.* Translated from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.—The *nom de plume* under which Doña Cecilia de Faber has failed to mask her identity is well and favorably known to lovers of Spanish literature, which she has enriched with a number of novels not greatly surpassed in any language for quiet humor and faithful reproduction of national peculiarities. The present very fair translation of one of her best and most characteristic stories will be apt to extend her reputation among American readers. The plot of *Elia* is of the simplest—the old, old story of true love crossed by family pride—but the details of domestic life are given with the utmost fidelity, and the characters drawn with an easy and graphic touch. The large-hearted, generous, impulsive Asistenta; her haughty, unimpassioned, bigoted sister; faithful, pious, simple Don Benigno; the conceited, lean little Doctor Don Narciso, wearing his infidelity as a fashionable garment; impetuous, unreflecting Carlos; gentle, loving Elia, and the crusty but kind-hearted housekeeper, are all capably drawn. The denouement is a trifle sad, but perhaps necessarily so to be consistent; and after the hot-pressed sensationalism of novels of the Bradton and Mühlbach pattern, the simplicity and repose of the tale are extremely refreshing.

*French's Elementary Arithmetic.* (For the Slate.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.—This is the second of a series of arithmetics upon the plan of directing the pupil's attention to things while studying the relations of numbers. The diagrams and pictures are original, and are the most instructive we have ever seen in an arithmetic. The rules have been written with care, and one in particular, that relating to the reduction of fractions to a common denominator, has been much improved.

*Elements of Geometry.* By Legendre. With Additions and Modifications by M. A. Blanchet. Translated by Francis H. Smith, A.M. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet.—Blanchet's modification of Legendre has made the subject appear somewhat less formidable to students than the original did. The majority of the demonstrations are materially shortened. The appendix contains a valuable chapter on transversals and one also on polar lines. The work has been translated for use of students in the Virginia Military Institute.

*Elements of Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical.* By Lefebvre de Tourcy. Translated by Francis H. Smith, A.M. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet.—A book of a little higher grade than the majority of our text-books upon trigonometry. It contains, in addition to the usual matter, formulæ used in

higher mathematics, resolution of binomial equations, and of equations of the third degree, also sines and cosines in series. A complete set of tables is appended to the work. The logarithmic sines and cosines are given at once to ten seconds and to six places of decimals; proportional parts in the margin give the corrections for single seconds.

## NEW MUSIC.

*Rest, Darling, Rest.* Music by E. Clarke. New York: Charles Ditson.—A pretty ballad, smooth, singable, and not containing any of the usual outrages upon common sense.—*What Norah Said.*—If there were any chance of our hearing the last of Norah, one might listen to what she said just once more and have done with one of the most pertinacious characters in musical fiction; but as Mr. Wellman's song, like most of the observations credited to that young lady, is of a hazy and inconclusive kind, we really don't advise our readers to trouble themselves to ascertain what Nora said.—Here follows a gentleman who says *You've been a Friend to Me*, and, as gratitude is a rare quality, we have no objection to his acknowledging the fact, and would only hint that any one who could restrain him from publishing songs till he has really composed a tune would be a friend to him and to the public likewise.—*Gather Flowers in the Summer-Time.* W. C. Baker.—It is surprising that Mr. Baker should put his name to anything so vapid. The awkward interval of a descending fifth in the second bar of the second part could scarcely have been written by any one with the least knowledge of singing, and it occurs both in solo and chorus.—Piano-forte boudoir.—*Evening Star.* By King.—Five pages of good practice, not destitute of grace, and with the advantage of accustoming a young player to flat keys.

*Hawthorne Ballads.—What is Home without a Mother? The Mocking Bird, and The Friends we Love.* By Alice Hawthorne. Philadelphia: Sep. Winner & Co.—We have on a former occasion expressed our admiration for the delicate and tender feeling and the exquisite sense of fitness between words and music which mark all this lady's compositions, as well as our regret that a person evidently gifted with some measure of creative power had not been directed by a thorough course of study to the acquisition of those resources and a knowledge of those models by which alone the conceptions of even the greatest natural genius can be redeemed from falling into the commonplace. We have only to add that the great popularity of these songs is one of the thousand proofs that ordinary people instinctively prefer to sing just what they ought to prefer, viz.: that which is really adapted to the voice.

*My Own.* By J. E. Perring. Boston: O. Ditson.—A very charming ballad in that six-eight time which we have come to associate with Venice and serenades; though the melody moves rather quickly for a male voice, it will be found pleasing when smoothly sung and softly accompanied.—*There is a pair of little hands.* Words by Dexter Smith. Music [very good music] by Mr. Keller.—It is difficult to imagine any person, not utterly cold in heart, singing this song in company where a bereaved parent might possibly be present. When will people learn that one of the heaviest of human trials is not a proper subject for art.—*When lovers say good night.*—Signor Brignoli has been beguiled into singing this serenade, which is well adapted to the voice, but contains no substantial melody, being made up of detached phrases and reminiscences of the serenades in *Don Giovanni*, *Marino Faliero*, and *L'Elisir d'amore*, by an English composer (J. L. Hatton), who leaves on all his work a certain trace of vulgarity.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York.—Landmarks of History. By Miss Yonge. Part III. Pp. viii, 465. 1868.  
Easy French Reading. By Prof. E. T. Fisher. Pp. 175, 57. 1868.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Zanoni. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Pp. 293, 313. 1867.  
LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.—The Bankrupt Law of the United States. Edited by Edward Avery and G. M. Hobbs. Pp. xxii, 488. 1868.  
SCRIBNER, WELFORD & Co., New York.—Edmund Burke: a Historical Study. By John Morley, B.A., Oxon. Pp. xv, 312. 1867.  
GEORGE H. WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.—An Historical Account of the Providence Stage. By Charles Blake. Pp. 297. 1868.  
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York.—The Stranger in the Tropics; being a Hand-book for Havana. Pp. 194. 1868.  
H. B. DURAND, New York.—Explanations of the Church Service. By A. J. Pp. 338. 1868.  
Readings for Every Day in Lent. Compiled from the Writings of Bishop Jeremy Taylor. Pp. 360. 1867.  
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—Martin Chuzzlewit. By Charles Dickens. People's edition. With illustrations by Phiz and Cruikshank. Pp. 939. 1868.

## PAMPHLETS.

- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Margaret's Engagement: A Novel. We have received current numbers of Demorest's Monthly Magazine—New York; The Ladies' Christian Monitor—Indianapolis; The Lady's Friend, The Biblical Repository, and Princeton Review—Philadelphia. We have also received the Half-yearly Compendium of Medical Science; The Annual Report for 1867 of the Board of Metropolitan Police; The Cornell University, First General Announcement; Beadle's Sagamore of Saco; Beadle's Helpless Hand.



## TABLE-TALK.

THE abuse by the small colleges of the degree-conferring power has become so flagrant that unless some action is taken degrees will fall into utter contempt. *The Courant*, of Yale, quotes the remark of an English paper upon the bestowal of an honorary M.A. on the Rev. Mr. Matthews, the original of one of Mrs. Stowe's characters in *Dred*—"The truth is that the Yankee degrees are a pest, and we devoutly wish the Americans would keep them at home and not let them loose upon us. They make the wearers ridiculous, destroy the value of distinction fairly won, and bring learning itself into contempt;" and *The Courant* adds with truth: "In England a college degree means something and is worth something. In America it means little or nothing. It costs ten dollars or less, and its value is too small to be seriously estimated." An illustration in point was given by a religious journal a week or two ago: one of its clerical subscribers presented himself at its office desiring that a D.D. might be added to the printed address on his paper; to a casual enquiry by what college it had been conferred, he explained that it wasn't from any institution exactly, but it's a way his folks have of callin' him. Beside the honorary degrees improperly bestowed, there is much more of this sort of thing than is generally suspected. For both there is the very simple remedy we have before suggested, and whose adoption, we fancy, will be but a question of time—the specification of their colleges by all persons who have come honestly by their degrees and have no reason to be ashamed of their source.

THE Post-office, we fancy, is proof against complaints which relate simply to its failure to render effective and reliable service to the country; nevertheless, we derive a satisfaction from giving an occasional exemplification, such as is afforded in the following extract from a Nevada subscriber, who instructs us to send his copy of *The Round Table* to San Francisco:

"The reason I adopt this address is, that heretofore when I have subscribed for Eastern papers, magazines, or books, and directed here, I never received more than one-third of them on an average, and many of my acquaintances have suffered the same annoyance. The result is that not one-half of the subscriptions for Eastern papers will be renewed. Of course I subject myself to double postage, but I am content to do that rather than pay dealers nearly double your subscription price. If papers and books were sent *via* San Francisco, per steamer, the trouble would be in a great measure obviated, for I suspect the loss occurs on the overland route."

A similar illustration was recently afforded us by a subscriber in Montana, who sent, together with his annual subscription, a larger sum, to be applied, he said, to forwarding each issue in a sealed envelope at letter postage, there being no possibility of receiving papers regularly through the mails.

PUBLISHING firms in America, *The Publishers' Circular* states, number in all 180, in which the "subscription houses" are included. These are distributed in twenty cities and towns, in fourteen different states. New York has 80, Philadelphia 31, Boston 25, Hartford 8, Cincinnati 5, Albany and Chicago 4 each, after which the list degenerates into twos and ones—so that seven places contain all but sixteen of them; while, speaking roughly, New York has half of all, Philadelphia a sixth, Boston a seventh.

MAYOR McMICAL, of Philadelphia, and two or three railroad presidents have set an example which should be instantly followed in every town and on every line of travel—the suppression of the lewd newspapers that are issued in New York every week by the hundred thousand. None who ever see a news-stand can have failed to observe, and few who travel on any railway line to have had thrust upon them, specimens of this pestilent filth, whose sole attraction lies in its nastiness. It can scarcely be that the people engaged in producing and peddling these hideous indecencies do not subject themselves to the penalties of the law, which ought to be enforced with the utmost rigor; if there be no legal provision, we venture to say that no harm would come to any magistrate who had the courage to exercise a little salutary despotism. A term in state prison for the publishers and confiscation for the dealers are the least amends that ought to be made to public decency, and it is unfortunate that nothing can be done to the brutes who publicly exhibit themselves in railway cars wallowing in this grossness and gloating upon it. At least, there must be redress against railroad managers who allow it to be literally forced under the eyes of their passengers.

SOME months ago we called attention (*The Round Table*, No. 137, p. 151) to a petition made to the New York Constitutional Convention to abolish the body known as the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, giving, at the same time, an account of the origin and functions, real and actual, of the board. The Regents having objected to their proposed extinction, and represented to the Convention that the charges brought against them were unfair, the original memorialists have prepared a reply which Mr. A. G. Johnson, in their behalf, has presented to the President of the Convention, and whose purport goes to prove that the Board of Regents is a respectable but, on the whole, harmful institution. We need not repeat the story we have already told of the establishment of King's College in the days of George II.; of its being remodelled (1784) and transferred to the still surviving corporation, with a view to its erection into a university; of King's College being rechristened "Columbia College,"

taken from the Regents, and restored to Trinity Church; and that the intended university has never been effected, inasmuch that the Regents, in the words of the petitioners, are "without location, without buildings, without endowments, without professors, and without students." The reply goes on to state that the number of existing colleges, which, in eighty-three years, the Regents have chartered, under their corporate powers, is six, such institutions preferring to get charters from the Legislature; that the \$55,000 which the Regents have to distribute yearly is so dribbled out among over 200 academies as to be productive of little good; that their report for the last year—which indicates a more active visitation than has been made during any previous year—shows that 52 (out of more than 200) colleges and academies have received visits from five of the Regents. Furthermore, in answer to an intimation by the board that there were no "reasons" for its abolition, seven reasons are adduced—(1.) that the colleges and academies under their patronage are almost exclusively denominational schools, and so not entitled to the public money; (2.) that the wealthy persons whose children attend them, having this provision, have opposed and generally prevented the appropriation of money to build and maintain schools for children whose parents could not pay their tuition; (3.) that the organization originally contemplated the preparation of teachers, which has been superseded by the establishment of normal schools; (4.) that, as above stated, the Regents have neglected to exercise any efficient supervision over the schools under their charge, while their apathy is such as to make it difficult to assemble, once a year, a quorum—6 out of 23—of the body; (5.) that others than themselves are to be thanked for the growth of the public libraries and cabinets for which they claim credit; (6.) that the want of unity in the system of public education, which the teachers of the state have been complaining of since 1856, may best be remedied by transferring to the active State Board of Education the powers vested in the inert Regents; (7.) that since 1857, when for the first time they outlined a scheme for an elaborate university proper with ten deans and faculties, the Regents have given no sign of purposing to do what they were created for—*i. e.*, to make a university which "The Regents of the University of the State of New York" should be regents of. Altogether the case seems to us to be a remarkably clear one.

MESSRS. G. W. CARLETON & Co. have in press, from early sheets, Mr. Renan's *Life of St. Paul*, uniform with the *Life of Jesus* and *The Apostles* of the same author.

THE REV. ISAAC LEESER, whose death is recorded by the Jewish papers, was not merely a man of mark, but in some respects the most eminent Hebrew in America. Born at Westphalia, Germany, he came, in 1828, when twenty-two years old, to Richmond, and found himself the only minister in the country competent to discharge the pulpit services of the synagogue in the English language. At that time, as we learn from the sketch of his career in *The Jewish Messenger*, American Jews numbered but 1,000, while now they are little less than 500,000, and had but ten congregations, while now there are 200. In 1829 Mr. Leeser took charge of a Philadelphia synagogue, where he remained for twenty-one years, when another congregation was formed for him with which he continued until his death. For twenty-three years he conducted *The Occident*, a monthly magazine which was the first, and for many years the only, Jewish periodical in America. Aside from this, his literary labors were immense, constituting, we are told by the authority already quoted, "the major part of American Jewish literature;" among his works were numerous textbooks, and volumes on devotional, religious, and controversial subjects, and an entire English version of the Scriptures, while he was the leader of orthodox Judaism in the opposition to the encroachments of the liberal element. He was a member of many of the Hebrew societies and had recently been made Dean of the Faculty of Maimonides College.

PROF. ALEXIS CASWELL, D.D., LL.D., was last week elected President of Brown University, in the room of President Sears, who resigned his position to take charge of Mr. Peabody's scheme of Southern education. President Caswell, who is a graduate of Brown, and filled the chair of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy from 1828 to 1864, will not assume the duties of instruction, but devote himself especially to the enlargement and development of the university.

PROF. GEORGE I. CHACE, LL.D., was at the same time transferred from the chair of Chemistry to that of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the same institution.

AD LYDIAM.—*Hor. Carm., Lib. I. 8.*

By all the gods, O Lydia! tell  
Why haste to ruin Sybaris by loving him too well?  
The Martial plain why does he shun,  
Though long ago inured to bear the stifling dust and sun?  
Why is it that he now refrains  
Warlike to ride among his peers, and guide with bitted reins  
The Gallic steed of sturdy limb?  
Why in the yellow Tiber's waves now feareth he to swim?  
Say why more cautiously he flies  
The wrestling oil than viper's blood, nor yet by exercise,  
Appears with arms all dark,  
Famed once for quoit well-thrown, or spear hurled far beyond the mark?  
I pray thee tell why lies he hid,  
As, ere Troy's mournful funerals, the son of Thetis did,  
'Tis said, for fear the dress of man  
Should hurry him to battle, and against the Lycian class

In an old-book store in Rio de Janeiro there has been discovered, as we learn from *The Evening Post*, which quotes from the *Gazette de Brésil*, a volume of Boileau's works, published by Denys Thierry, Paris, 1695, and containing five satires whose existence has not been known. The first and last lines of these are given by the Brazilian journal and are—

SATIRE XI.

"Non je ne ferai pas ce qu'on veut que je fasse."  
"Je fuis le mariage, et n'y veut pas songer."

SATIRE XII.

"Quel est donc ce cahos, et quelle extravagance."  
"Qu'il ne leur est permis par l'ordre de leurs lois."

SATIRE XIII.

"Que je me trouve heureux d'avoir reçu naissance."  
"D'un petit revenu je me suis contenté."

SATIRE XIV.

"Chrysostom François, censeur évangélique."  
"De l'air contagieux que le crime respire."

SATIRE XV.

"Quoi, ce prince éclairé qui gouverne la France."  
"Et pourra-t-on souffrir ces voleurs sacrilèges?"

DR. G. W. LEITNER, an eminent philologist, has issued a part of the first of four volumes upon a tour in Dardistan, Little Thibet, Kashmir, Ladak, Rukshu Zanskar, and Lahul. The first volume is devoted to the languages and races of Dardistan, investigated by the author during a linguistic tour in Kashmir and Chilas in 1866, in the service of the Punjab government. The work is described as an important addition to Oriental literature.

AMONG newly-issued and forthcoming English books are, a translation, by Susanna Winkworth, of the late Baron Bunsen's *God in History*, to which is prefixed an introduction by the Dean of Westminster; *The Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia*, by Sven Nilsson; an enlarged edition of *Rome: its Ruler and its Institutions*, by Mr. John F. Maguire, whose *Irish in America* has lately been published here; *The Elephant Hunter in South Africa*, being a couple of volumes by Mr. James Chapman, F.R.G.S., which treat of his fifteen years' hunting and trading experiences in South Africa, during which he traversed the country from the Atlantic to the Indian oceans, and from the Cape to the Zambesi River, studying particularly its natural history; *Old Deccan Days*, which is a collection of the fairy legends in oral circulation among the Hindoos, made by Mr. M. Frere, with an introduction and notes by Sir Bartle Frere; and *The People of India*, a series of some four hundred and fifty photographic illustrations, with descriptive letter-press, of the races and tribes of Hindostan: this work was prepared by Messrs. J. Forbes Watson and John William Kaye originally for the Indian government, but the Indian secretary has authorized the preparation of such an edition for sale as should be ordered by subscribers, the work being complete in eight large volumes, whose price is fixed at the actual cost of production.

THE plan of *The London Student*, which we mentioned a few weeks ago, has been so far changed that it is to be under the charge not of students, but of the ablest professors and teachers in London, aided by a staff of masters of the public schools, and other eminent writers throughout Great Britain, so that, *The Athenaeum* says, it will take rank as the first educational magazine of the day.

M. LAMBERT's expedition of exploration to the North Pole is so far assured that the needed sum of \$120,000 has been secured, and the beginning of the summer of 1869 fixed as the time for entering the Arctic seas. This will be done through Behring's Straits, where it is expected the bank of ice will be of so little density that a passage may be effected into the open sea presumed to extend to the Pole.

DR. DANBERRY left unpublished at his death a collection of *Fugitive Poems*, serious and facetious, from the pens, among others, of Robert Browning, Prof. Blackie, Sir J. Herschel, Dr. Whewell, Archbishop Whately, Bishop Shuttleworth, Sydney Smith, Dean Conybeare, Philip Duncan, Thackeray, Prof. Danberry, Ramsay, Forbes, and Baden Powell. As many of these have never been in print, it is a matter for gratification to learn that they will still be published.

## FOR CERTAIN LOUD-MOUTHED PREACHERS.

(From *Plutarch*.)

For impiety, once Athens made decree,  
That by each priest and priestess, solemnly  
On Alcibiades a curse be laid.  
There all, save one, sweet Theano, obey'd.  
The word return'd unto th' Athenian state,  
"Her office was to pray, not execrate."

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereto it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(15.)—In his note in your issue of this week Mr. Edward S. Gould quotes a philological friend in defence of his use of *Menelaus* as a tri-syllable. Mr. Gould's original illustration was of course a blunder, for he used the unclassical pronunciation of the word to prove one of his hobbies which its proper pronunciation—and the passage cited was from Byron, a classical scholar—disproves with all possible emphasis. My present query, however, is whether the pronunciation *Mene-la-us*, *Ar-che-lau-s*—usually given by uneducated clergymen and that sort of people—be not a gross blunder? R. Y.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27, 1868.

Distinctly a blunder. The Greek termination *αος* (*Meve-la-os*, *Ar-che-la-os*), though capable of contraction, is incapable of being made a



diphthong, so that the case of *Orpheus*, which is instanced in the note, presents no analogy, the termination there being *evs*, which can by no possibility be other than a diphthong, although by a reverse vulgarism the word is popularly pronounced *Orphe-us*. Probably this class of mispronunciations would never have arisen had Greek names been Anglicized from the Greek and not from the Latin, representing *v* and *o* by *u* and *e*, not, as is done absurdly enough by *y* and *u*, which they do not in the least resemble.

(16.)—Can the editor of *Notes and Queries* tell me if there is an English translation of the *Œuvres Des Cartes*, and if there is, where I can procure a copy?  
W. D. M.

(17.)—Who is Allan Grant? I ask the above question for the reason that I yesterday picked up a little book issued by Wynkoop & Sherwood, entitled *Mr. Secretary Pepsys*, etc., etc., by Allan Grant, which announcement puzzles me not a little. For some twenty years the late William Wilson, of Poughkeepsie, who died I think in 1860, though very shy of rushing into print, was an occasional contributor to *The Albany and Knickerbocker Magazine* under that signature. This *Pepsys* book professes to be by Allan Grant, and is dedicated to a lady who paid some attention to a wounded brother of the supposed author in one of the Washington hospitals during the war. Mr. Wilson, as I said before, died in 1860, and I believe had no brother living; it is evident therefore that he could not have been the author of this book, "leastwise" not of the dedication; and the question arises among his friends, Who has had the impudence to assume the name and trade in literary wares on borrowed capital?  
SANDY.

(18.)—In an article on longevity, I met with a reference to "the Athenian mule" which lived to "the age of fourscore years." Perhaps some correspondent will explain the allusion, or refer me to a volume where the explanation may be found.  
Yours truly,  
JAMES T. FRANKLIN.

BEXLEY HALL, GAMBIER, Ohio, Jan. 27, 1868.

(19.)—Cannot you or one of your readers shed a little light upon the origin of the words "Gog and Magog"? They are twice used in Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby* (Globe Edition), Third Book, page 180.  
Jan. 25, 1868. I am yours, CASH.

Gog and Magog are two gigantic wooden images in the Guildhall, London, whose origin is explained in Mr. Wheeler's *Noted Names of Fiction*—

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*THE WEEK*, No. 5, will be out promptly on Saturday morning.

the names being substituted for those of Corineus and Gotmagot, of the Armorian chronicle—the latter being split into two, and the former lost. Mr. Dickens has somewhere—in one of the chapters of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, we think—devoted a story to the civic giants.

(20.)—Which of your correspondents in this department, having in his possession any poems of merit relating to *Golden or Silver Weddings*, will send them to the editor of *The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship*, care of Ticknor & Fields, 63 Bleeker street, New York?  
JANUARY 30, 1868. P.

(21.)—Who translated, from the Italian, Filicaja's beautiful sonnet on Providence, beginning

"Just as a mother, with sweet, pious face,  
Yearns toward her little children from her seat,  
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,  
Takes this upon her knee, that on her feet," etc.?

I fished with this query in *The Round Table* more than a year ago, but caught no answer. Now I drop in my lines again.  
Z. Y. X.  
NEW YORK, Jan. 30, 1868.

(22.)—Will you please inform me how I can obtain a book or books of *Gerald Griffin's Irish Stories*. I have no idea when or by whom it or they was published.  
Yours truly, ISAAC H. D. LONG.  
QUINCY, Ill., Jan. 30, 1868.

(23.)—Simon Pure, "lately from Pennsylvania," is one of the characters in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*. The hero of the play (Colonel Feignwell) having attempted to personate him in order to obtain access to the heroine (Mrs. Lovely), hence arises the question, Which is "the real Simon Pure"? a phrase still in use.  
UNEDA.  
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.

(24.)—Your correspondent "Qu." in your issue of January 25, desires a little light shed on the origin of the term *Simon Pure*. He is correct in presuming it to be the name of a character in the early English drama, and he will find it in a very clever comedy by Susanna Centlivre (1667-1723), who was a contemporary of Congreve and Farquhar. In her *Bold Stroke for a Wife* a Quaker named Simon Pure, about to visit London, receives a letter of introduction from his friend Holdfast to one Obadiah Prim, a worthy member of the sect, whose character may be inferred from his name. Prim is the guardian of a Miss Lovely, a young lady of large

fortune. A military hero, Colonel Feignwell, is a warm admirer of Miss Lovely and of her ample fortune. The colonel, to accomplish his designs, contrives to get possession of Simon's letter of introduction, and, donning a Quaker's habit, personates him at the home of Brother Prim. Simon himself arrives, and is of course ordered off as an impostor. In the meantime the gallant colonel is so far successful as to obtain the written consent of Obadiah to his marriage with Anne Lovely. The real Simon Pure, procuring witnesses to identify him, returns to his friend Prim's. The colonel is exposed, and, admitting the deception, gracefully retires with his prize.

A London edition of the play may be had at French's, in Nassau Street.

Yours,  
WILLIAM STREET, N. Y., Jan. 27.

(25.)—Permit me to refer "Historicus" to a book which I have read with much pleasure, and profit as well, viz.: *The Life of George Brummell, Esq., commonly called Beau Brummell*, by Captain Jesse, author of *Notes of a Half-pay in search of Health*, etc. Two volumes complete in one. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 126 Chestnut Street. 1844.  
Yours truly,  
WASHINGTON, Jan. 25. AMICUS.

(26.)—According to a recent statement in the London *Notes and Queries*, excellent authority upon all literary questions, the author of *Father Tom and the Pope* is Samuel Ferguson, Doctor of Laws and Queen's Counsel, of Belfast, Ireland. He is still living. This disposes of the assertion, more than once made in a Philadelphia newspaper, that a Mr. Murray is the author. The same paper lately asserted that there are ninety-three typographical errors in the edition lately issued by Simpson & Co., of New York. It is to be hoped that these will be corrected in the next edition, if the statement be not an exaggeration. The substitution of the word *mayor* for *nagur* is an error in all the American editions; but this error appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* itself. It is corrected in the *Tales from Blackwood*.  
UNEDA.  
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.

As we have received evidence of much interest in this question of authorship, we may say that we have seen a statement from one of the two only sources that could be conclusive, and that there is no doubt that Mr. Ferguson is the author. Mr. Cozzens, we understand, will return to this question and, no doubt, will rectify the typographical errors in the second edition, which Messrs. Simpson & Co. have in preparation.

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SUPREME COURT, NEW YORK.

CATHERINE COOK against GEORGE T. COOK.—*Shimmons—For Relief* (Com. not served.)

TO GEORGE T. COOK: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed January 2, 1868, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, No. 77 Nassau Street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated January 2, 1868.

J. G. McADAM, Plaintiff's Attorney.

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